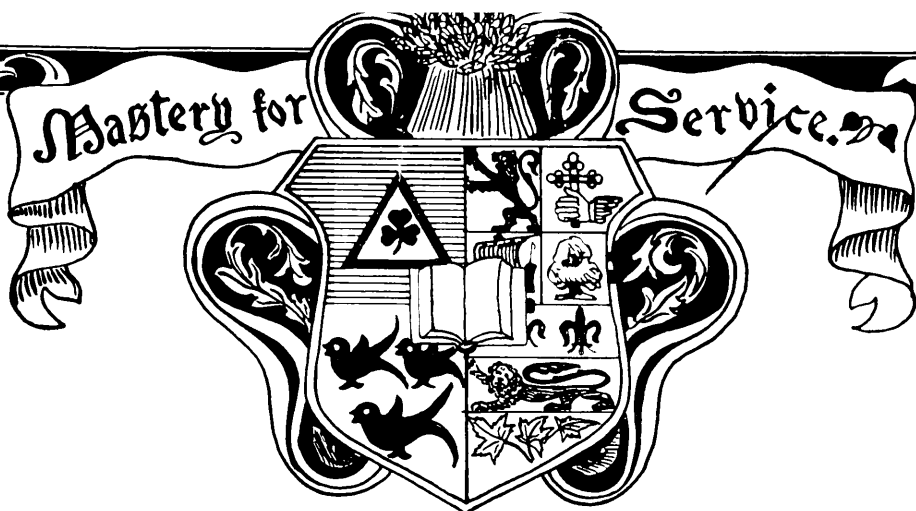
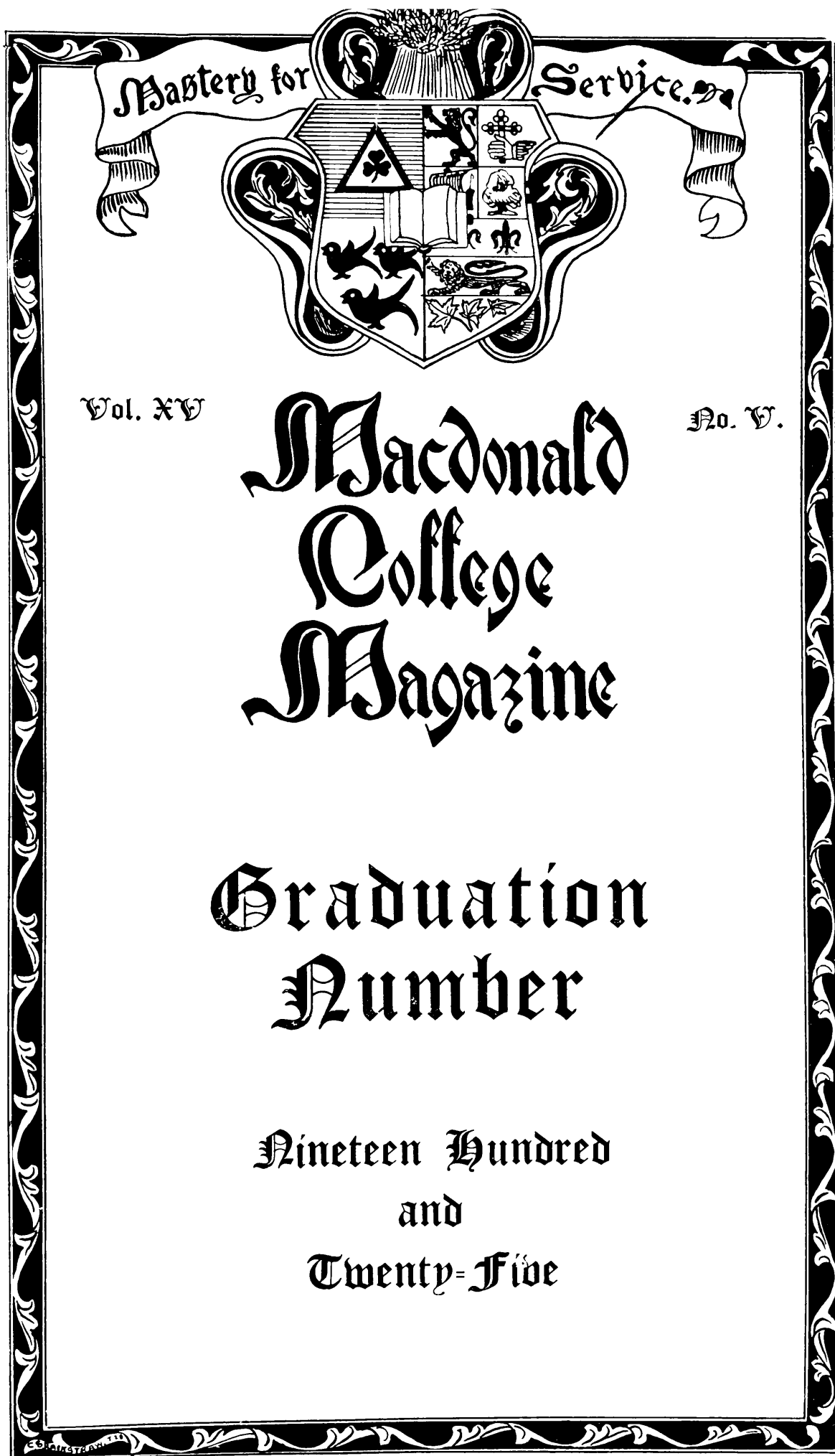


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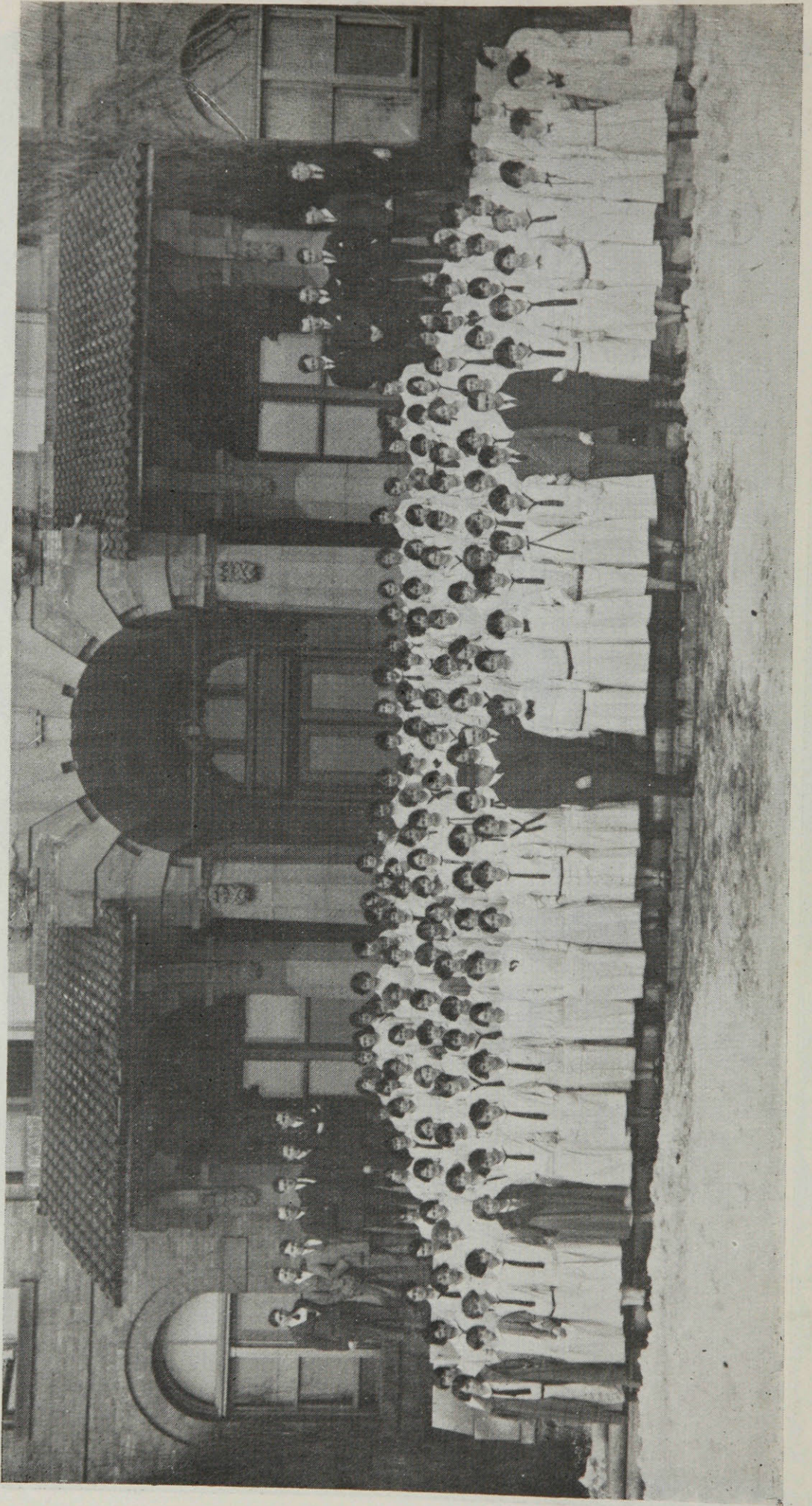
Vol. XV

No. V.

Macdonald College Magazine

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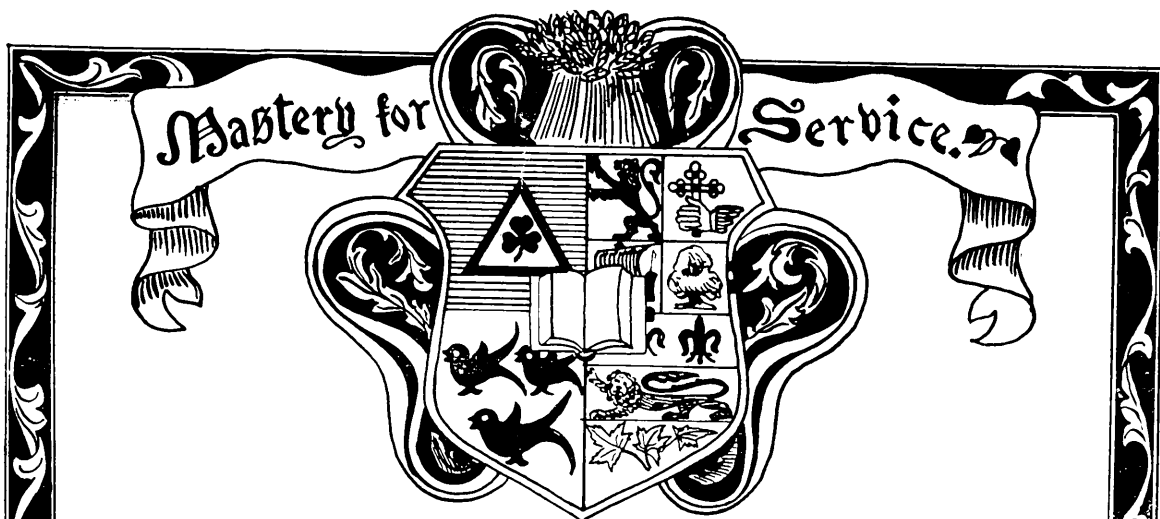
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Vol. XV

No. 1.

Macdonald College Magazine

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The Students' Council

THE MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Mastery For Service
PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

VOL XV

APRIL - MAY

No. 4



We have great pleasure in welcoming, on behalf of the Student Body, the new comers in the four schools which comprise Macdonald College. With regard to the Faculty of Agriculture, we are glad to announce that "'28" is by far the strongest Freshman class registered since the matriculation standard was imposed for the degree course. It is to be hoped therefore that students both in this province and elsewhere are beginning to appreciate the advantages of the four-year agricultural course. The number of new students in the other school is equally gratifying and the Women's Residence is once more filled to capacity. Perhaps never before in her history have students come to Macdonald from so many different parts of the world. Not only are all the provinces of Canada represented, but the contingent of non-Canadian students is unusual both in size and in the variety of nations which it represents. We greet our fellow students from overseas with the assurance that in Macdonald, as in all Canada, they will find a warm welcome and the atmosphere of a home.

We wish to draw attention to the Macdonald College Song Book, a description of which will be found in another column.

There is no doubt that the singing of

songs does much to develop an *esprit de corps* in any aggregation of human beings, whether it be a nation, college or political faction. Lord Wharton, who wrote the words of that most glorious rebel ballad *Lillibulero*, used to say that he had whistled James II out of three kingdoms, and, although this claim may seem fanciful, there is no doubt that ballads and songs have played an important part in the furthering of great causes and the establishment of noble traditions. It is then with all sincerity that we advise the students to learn to sing together as a very practical means of establishing a true Macdonald spirit.

Surely the world can hold for us nothing quite so wonderful as the years which we spend at a College or University. It is a time when we re-discover for ourselves the most profound and commonplace truths, and when the whole panorama of life seems to unfold for us. It is a time of glorious tiltings at windmills which our fathers have erected, of investigations into the nature of things, and practical solutions of the most insoluble problems. We congregate together to smoke pipes and talk the most enchanting nonsense or like Adam wander through the magic gardens setting names to everything that we see. Our whole out-

look seems to have changed overnight, as that of a man who goes to the window after snow has fallen. And with what suddenness our beliefs veer from extreme to extreme! Now we are determined to legislate the world perfect; and now, despondent, we are convinced that man kind is incapable of even mitigating its own lot.

Seeings of visions, dreamings of dreams! Glorious futilities! Wonderful discussions amid symbolical clouds of tobacco smoke!

It is with considerable regret that we announce the resignation of J. D. Lanthier from the position of Editor. Although Mr. Lanthier's term of office normally did not expire until after Christmas, he has recently succeeded to the Presidency of the Students' Council and feels the necessity of devoting all available time to the more important office. The present staff of the magazine wish however to thank Mr. Lanthier for the generous assistance which he has given in an unofficial capacity since his resignation.

We are well aware that, although it is placed in the position commonly occupied by the hors-d'oeuvres, the Editorial Page is only investigated by the reader after he has at least sampled all the varied delicacies which we have assembled for his pleasure. We will therefore as-

sume that, whether they be cooled by the icy blasts of the north (page 20) or salted with the tang of the sea (page 7), that our dishes can offer no further attractions. The bubbling cup of wit (page 65), has been drunk to its dregs, and it only remains for us to offer a glass of memory stirring port. Let this be the thought which it arouses in each reader—

The Macdonald College Magazine is published by the Students. Upon them it depends for its success, literary as well as financial.

An index to the advertising matter contained in this issue will be found on pages I-II. We feel that there should be no need to request on behalf of our advertisers the hearty support of all readers.

We acknowledge the following Exchanges—Blue and White, College Times, Dalhousie Gazette, De Laval Monthly, O. A. C. Review, Occident, Queen's Journal, Scientific Agriculture, Vindex, Illinois Agriculturalist, Labour Gazette.

Nature is often hidden, sometimes overcome, seldom extinguished.—*Bacon.*

Our rewards are never what we anticipate— but we are rewarded.

—*George Moore.*



“St. Joan”

An Interpretation.

BY H. D. BRUNT, PH. D.

Of the three greatest plays since Shakespeare, *Cyrano de Bergerac* is French, *The Dynasts* is probably unactable, *St. Joan* remains for me, our greatest modern English play.

All drama, Brander Matthews has taught us, involves a struggle: it may be a struggle between capitalism and labor, as in Galsworthy's *Strife*; between mutual religious intolerance, in St. John Ervine's *Mixed Marriages*; between man and the inanimate forces of nature, in Synge's *Riders to the Sea*; a clash of loyalties, in Galsworthy's *Loyalties*; of mutual misunderstanding between the generations, in anyone of at least a dozen modern plays.

Now in Shakespeare, we find this struggle is that of character—a clash of personalities, of Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Antony; of Lear and Cordelia, Edmund and Edgar; of Othello and Iago; a clash between great passions represented by mutually repelling persons. And it is due to some inherent defect in an otherwise great character, to some *idée fixe*, some obsession of the mind, that the tragedy moves to its inevitable close. But rarely, if at all, does the Shakespearean struggle give us the clash of great ideas, of supreme ideals.

It is because Shaw's *St. Joan* has this clash of great ideas, in addition to its greatness as an actual play and its Shakespeare-like portrayal of character and personality, that we believe it to be greater for our modern world than even *Hamlet* or *King Lear*.

In that marvellous conference in Warwick's tent, participated in by the noble, the great cleric and the far from exagger-

ated chaplain, and dominated in spirit by Joan, we have the intellectual core of the play—here is that parallelogram of forces that has forced our modern world on its path of compromise and which, incidentally, sent Joan to the stake and to the Communion of Saints. We have the false nationalism of the chaplain, the belief in an English mission to backward races, the mentality that caused loyal Britons to accept as genuinely British patriotism Gilbert's bitterly satirical lyric, *A True-born Englishman*, in *Pinafore*.

Cauchon represents as false an internationalism—an internationalism that ignores, refuses to admit nationalism at all. Cauchon fails to realize that even religion does not exhaust man's emotional and intellectual life—that, therefore, internationalism cannot be based upon religion; and that, consequently, even Catholicism will break down as the supreme *motif* of the symphony of life.

Warwick—the most sinister figure in modern literature; more sinister than Iago because Warwick, is sincere in his main creed, unscrupulous though he be in method—is the exponent of class—his Order, the Nobility, is to him what his Church is to Cauchon. He has more sympathy with a French noble than with an English yeoman. Was it not that spirit that caused an English noble to try to force peace in 1916, not the filth and degradation of the trenches?

Joan's sympathetic imagination, which she called her *Voices*, gave her another view—she even loved the *Goddams* would they only stay in England. A love for *France*—such real patriotism as inspired Kipling's *Sussex*, superior to all his im-

perial songs and Frenchmen, not Frenchmen, *über Alles*, not the spirit of "France, rule the waves." It is noticeable that France's great national anthem—the product of the Revolution—has no such blatancy.

It is out of such nationalism that the future internationalism must grow: upon a warm love of the Homeland, inspiring through sympathetic imagination an understanding of a similar love in Teuton, Slav and Latin.

Joan's refusal to allow any system to mediate between herself and the King—the fount of law and justice — and between herself and God, struck at the very foundations of mediaeval society: and both Warwick and Cauchon could do no other than to strike her down. Change the names, and the conference might take place in any century.

If that scene be the intellectual core of the play, the much discussed Epilogue is the dramatic triumph. As a true historian, Shaw must show the actual sincerity of Warwick, Cauchon, the inquisitor—he must redeem even the chaplain. He does this in his characteristic preface. But he is too true a dramatist not to make his play self-explanatory. The Epilogue was needed for just that purpose. It is a dramatic necessity.

But Shaw is fundamentally a moralist; his method is that of satire. In that Epilogue we find a great military leader, a great politician, great ecclesiastics, a King, a common soldier: all bow the knee, in a moment tense with emotion, before the Saint. Yet all save the soldier depart in panic before the possibility of her return. So much easier is it to worship than to obey. What is the moral who rides may read—mankind shall be saved, not though the ecclesiastic, nor the statesman, nor the military leader: but by the common folk and its Saints—and even the common man has but his one short hour.

We are left with the figure of the Saint and her cry, "How long, O Lord, how long," the message of the 53rd chapter of Isaiah and of Gethsemane.

"St. Joan" is, however, a *play*, full as it is of intellectual ferment.

Is Joan too rough, too full of colloquial speech, not simple peasant maid enough? One of the tendencies of literature is to *idealize* personality—its personal beauty, its manners and its speech. George Washington the man is almost lost for us, his oaths and his wine-bottles; and Lincoln, the Man of Sorrows, tends to hide from us the broad humorist and writer of vigorous English. For the present writer, who has read Michelet's, Lang's, De Quincey's and Mark Twain's Joan of Arc, she really *lives* only in Shaw's play.

What are the other elements of the dramatic qualities of this play? Watch what are technically called "the curtains," the situation, the dramatic moment when the curtain falls—in Scene I, the hens are laying like fury; in Scene III the wind changes; "I wonder," says Warwick at the end of the sixth scene when the executioner tells him he has seen the last of her.

The Trial Scene has, in my opinion, no equal in literature known to me. Even the famous court scene in *The Merchant of Venice* pales before it: one can never get out of one's mind the fundamental absurdity of the reason for the latter scene. For dignity; for sympathy both for Joan and her trial judges; for harmony of even the comic relief with the main theme; for the pure poetry of Joan's outburst against imprisonment; for the tenderness of Brother Martin; for the differentiation of character of the ecclesiastics; these, with the impersonality Warwick's iron will which frightens or make this trial a dramatic triumph.

One must not close without word ;

commendation for the recent staging of this play in Montreal. Julia Arthur was a great Joan, a previous reading of the play did not entirely reveal Joan's wonderful character—Miss Arthur showed naturalness, restraint—and whether or not one agrees with Shaw's conception of Joan, there can be no criticism of Julia Arthur's interpretation of that conception.

The other members of the company were a most adequate balance to Miss Arthur, they made the play *live*: and while

one hesitates to select, yet the really great acting of the King, Cauchon, and Warwick must be mentioned while the interpretation of Warwick was equal to that of Joan—and higher praise we cannot give.

The message of the play can be expressed in a sentence. "Must then a Christ perish in torment in every age to save those who have no imagination?" a sentence curiously enough, from Cauchon, Bishop of Beauvais.

Adventure

BY DOROTHY REXFORD, TEACHERS '24

The rain came down incessantly, little streams running down cracks in the road, joined thousands of other little streams, forming miniature rivers which spluttered and gurgled down the muddy drains. The numerous umbrellas did but shelter their owners' faces, while wet stockings clung to shivering legs and shoes creaked and squeaked with their unaccustomed supply of water.

Dorothy Gray stared impatiently out of the office window. The heavy air outside seemed almost to weigh down her fingers, the type-writer keys were moist and sticky, and the thick letter beside her with its usual "in receipt of your letter of the 21st inst.," filled her with disgust. She had an almost uncontrollable impulse to see if the paper weight could go through the glass wall into the secretary's private office with one clean hole, and also to ruffle up the sleek smoothness of the filing-girl's new "shingle-bob."

But she did nothing of the kind, she simply stared at the rain and mud and thought and thought. "Wouldn't anything ever happen? Something different, always it was the same. She could even give a near

guess of what would be waiting for her for supper, it always was a faint echo from the preceding dinner. If she had her way, she certainly could think up a lot of exciting things to do.

Five o'clock came, it always came if one waited long enough.

Dorothy Gray frantically rushed the last letter "punched" the clock, pulled on her rubbers and coat and taking her still damp umbrella, walked out through the mud and rain. It seemed an unusually long walk home to-day. It was too dark to distinguish anyone or see the new spring clothes, there were no children playing in the street and even the shop windows were misty and uninviting. Weary both physically and mentally she trudged on, her head bent to keep the rain from her face, and her eyes fixed on the shiny pavement.

Was something really turning up? Dorothy stooped down and picked up a small square envelope from the wet side-walk. It smelled faintly of orchids and made one think of shaded rooms, soft music and moonlit gardens. What could be inside?

Slowly she pulled out a daintily mono-

gramed card. Examining it closely she found it was a complimentary invitation to the coming Charity Ball. On the envelope was written Miss Anita Waters." "It is to-night," murmured Dorothy Gray.

* * *

Dorothy looked critically at the girl in the mirror. It was quite a stranger, holding almost no resemblance to the girl she had seen opposite to her in the little cracked mirror at the office. Her eyes were big and blue and sparkling, her hair, fluffy from the dampness of the day, curled lovingly in little ringlets all over her head, and resting against each soft cheek showed the pinky tips of two small ears. The dull gray of her dress accentuated the cherry redness of her lips, and the blue flowers which caught it at the side made one look up to match them with her eyes.

"Anita," whispered Dorothy Gray, "Anita I am so glad that you are beautiful!"

Dorothy stood on the threshold of the brilliantly lighted ball-room, she seemed suddenly to wake up. "Goodness gracious, had she gone absolutely crazy? was her first thought.

But even as she was prepared to back out of the room, the pompous man at the door announced, "Miss Anita Waters" and she found herself near an extremely old man, who barely glancing her way said "Jack said you wouldn't be here, glad you came—do take Captain Jarvis off. His partner is not coming."

Dorothy found herself shaking hands warmly with a distinguished looking young officer and heard him saying,

"Miss Waters, Jack has told me so much about his sister I don't feel we need an introduction, shall we finish the dance?" The dance ended and as they walked to the end of the room, Captain Jarvis caught a young man by the arm, "Jack, old man, I've at last met your sis-

ter, and for once your ravings were sincere." A young man wheeled about sharply "Oh, I say Anita"—he began then stopped and stared. Dorothy stared bravely back and saw in his laughing brown eyes a look of mixed admiration and bewilderment. Jarvis' voice broke in "Hello, there is Pat. The third from now Miss Waters?"

Off he walked and Dorothy wished the ground would swallow her up, before Jack spoke again. The next dance had started "May I have the pleasure?" murmured Jack as he led her through the moving couples. Dorothy was not too flustered to notice that he evidently was a marvellous dancer. Neither spoke. What was he thinking, why, oh why, had she come? He certainly could do that new step to perfection, she must tell the girls at the office that she could do it now. When the dance ended Jack led her out through the wide door, over the dewy lawn, and down to a small grey racing car on the curb. Dorothy held back, but Jack gave a short laugh "Anita, my dear, your brother wishes your company very particularly this evening." The car glided off and Dorothy felt the fresh night wind on her hot cheeks. "Now young lady," said Jack, "suppose you tell me what its all about." The story was finished when they drew up in front of Dorothy's house. "Miss Gray, tomorrow is the final night for the ball, I shall call for you at nine." And with a laugh he started the car and disappeared into the mist.

The rain came down incessantly, little streams running down cracks in the road, joined thousands of other little streams, forming miniature rivers which spluttered and gurgled down the muddy drains. It dripped down the edge of Dorothy's sleeve and wet the square piece of cardboard in her hand. "Mr. J. R. Smith, special agent for the Eureka Vacuum Cleaner" she read again."

Deep Sea Sketches

BY V. DAWSON, AGR. '28

A NIGHT WATCH AT SEA.

First comes a tap at the door and then a glistening, oilskin clad figure steps into the cabin. "One bell, sir, and a dirty night" bellows a lusty young voice from the midst of an unbelievable quantity of clothing and rubber thigh boots. The third officer, being thus addressed, stifles a combined yawn and curse and manages to roll out of his bunk and dismisses the bearer of bad news, who has been brazenly pilfering cigarettes in the meantime, with a mumbled "all right."

Somehow or other, which is amazing, considering what a long and complicated piece of work it is to prepare for a four hour watch on the bridge of a merchantman on a North Atlantic mid-winter night, he manages to be clambering up the lee bridge ladder just as eight bells ring out. He now spends a few minutes in chart-house, examining the ship's position and imbibing large quantities of hot coffee and sandwiches until the inner man is satisfied. As he emerges into the outer darkness once more, he is met by the chief officer whom he is relieving and this saturnine individual tells him the course to be steered and a few other customary night watch orders. "It's a dark night, sir" volunteers the third. "Have the lamps lit" replies the chief, and with this Parthian shot he clatters down to his cozy little cabin in eager anticipation of a good sleep.

The third turns away with a little grimace and steps into the wheelhouse in order to see that the helmsman is steering a good course and not expectorating tobacco juice all over the snow white decks.

Being justified, he steps into the wind

and spray that come driving over the bridge and for the next hour or so he and the junior midshipman who shares his watch beguile the time by telling alternate yarns and expounding unto each other their opinions of the owners, skipper, chief officer and engineer, in fact, of all who rank above them, to say nothing of the cook or "doctor" if he happens to be a bad one. They are interrupted in the midst of their orations by the appearance of a clear patch of sky with a few worthwhile stars in it. For the next quarter of an hour there is great activity; the third grabs his sextant, the midshipman "stands by" at the chronometer, while the seaman on watch tears aft to read the log. After a few seconds the third manages to bring the star's image down until it coincides with the horizon line, no easy task, when the old tank is rolling and plunging like a porpoise. "Time" he yells and the midshipman notes the exact hour, minute and second. The next ten minutes are spent in calculating the ship's position from the sextant reading. "What do you get, sir" anxiously asks the middy, $57^{\circ} 50' W$; good, I get the same" replies that young gentleman who is beginning to fancy himself a crack navigator. The temporary excitement being over they return to their backward and forward promenades until half past eleven brings the steward up to the bridge with a basket full of sandwiches and a can of cocoa and needless to say both are empty when he takes them down a few minutes later. At quarter to twelve the midshipman goes below and rouses the second officer and fellow middy who are to relieve the third.

and himself. Precisely at midnight these two worthies come tramping up the ladder. "Good night, Mac, she's steering North sixty five West" says the third as he disappears down the ladder. "Cheerioski, Jack, I left you some fags behind the radiator in the chart house" laughs the young middy to his colleague as he too goes down to his cabin where he will

probably dream of those not too far distant days and nights when he will be going ashore, in all the glory of a brass-bound uniform, gold badge and silver headed cane, to meet his girl and take her to the theatre.

And here, dear readers, I will conclude, hoping you have some idea of how a watch is kept on a large merchantman.

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT.

We had just left Melbourne and the night was one of those warm, calm and moonlight kind which are only to be found in the Pacific. The second officer and I were on watch and having little else to do, we were exchanging various shore-going experiences when a cry from the look-out in the crow's nest directed our attention to a little pin point of light away off our port bow.

Slipping into the chart-house the second got his high-power telescope and after a brief scrutiny he said "She is a big sailing ship and I'll bet she is the "———" and he named a very famous old clipper which we knew was in our vicinity by wireless reports. This piece of information so interested old Williams, the helmsman, who had "been in sail" that in his attempt to see the "windjammer" he allowed our ship to fall several degrees away from her course, thus bringing some deep-sea curses on his devoted head.

We soon came up to her, for ours was the crack ship of the company, and when we were near enough to see her clearly, the spectacle of beauty and symmetry she

presented made us hold our breaths with admiration. All sailors have a tender spot in their hearts for the old "square-riggers" and the sight of this one, the flower of them all, affected us most profoundly.

To take advantage of the light breeze she had every stick of canvas set and it gleamed like silver in the moonlight. The masts were set with just the right amount of rake while every shroud and yard-arm looked as white as snow. Her graceful hull glistened and sparkled as she rose and fell to the ocean's caresses and the phosphorescent water gave her the appearance of floating in a bath of fire.

A deep sigh aroused me from the dream of such loveliness and turning round I saw the skipper who had come to the bridge unnoticed. With a tremor in his voice he said "There she goes, God bless her, the last of her line!" and a tear stole down his weatherbeaten old cheek, and I must confess that of all the things I have seen during twelve years' travels, the sight of that stately old relic of the "Wooden ship and iron men" period affected me most deeply.



The Awakening of the Wilderness

BY C. S. RACKSTRAW

In a wigwam, set in a clearing in the Northern Saskatchewan woods, a young man sat before a fire gazing meditatively into the glowing coals. A glance at the well knit frame and clear blue eyes left one with a pleasurable feeling of trust. Refined features and fine physique spoke of careful nurture and upbringing. As he sat by the fire puffing silently at an ancient pipe, he looked out across it through the open doorway; out across the cold waste of glittering snow, scintillating in the winter sunlight, criss-crossed by the blue morning shadows of the poplar saplings, which grew abundantly here, sprinkled with occasional birches and pines.

As he smoked, his mind turned homeward to the wealth and opulence he had left behind, the bright lights and gayety of New York, the theatres and the other thousand and one artificialities which went to make life for him and his set worth living—left behind, and what for? What a fool he was to put himself to so much personal discomfort on account of a wager made in an idle moment. Several weeks before his friends at his Club had bet him that he had not grit enough to endure a winter's trapping in the Northern Woods with only an Indian for guide and companion. Half in anger, half in bravado he had taken up the bet, and here he was, miles from anywhere, the novelty of the trip already wearing off. Yes, he would "chuck it" and go back; but that he feared the derision of his set and the scorn of a certain "ladyc fayre." Then again Red Pheasant had as good as hinted that he would never make a woodsman so he felt entirely discouraged.

The Indian had left him sleeping that

morning, instead of taking him along to visit the line of traps they had set the day before, a fact he considered in the light of another covert insult. It was the first time in the twenty years of this son of riches, Algernon Malcolm Traveleyan, that anyone had dared to ignore him and now, to be treated with such absolutely silent contempt by a mere Indian,—it was unthinkable, unbearable. He would gain the respect of this Indian somehow and show him that, even though he had been reared in the lap of luxury, yet he was as hardy as the toughest Indian in the North West.

Whilst he brooded before the fire over the hard usage he considered he was getting at the hands of the world in general, and of his Indian companion in particular, an enthusiastic partridge, feeling the fire of youth coursing through his veins on that sunshiny morning was winging his way towards a favorite clearing when the sun fell upon a fallen tree. Here he alighted and after preening his feathers to his complete satisfaction, he looked quickly about him to see, no doubt, if there were not a pair of admiring eyes gazing in mute adoration upon his gorgeous winter plumage, which flashed back the sunlight like many coloured jewels. Forgetting all about winter, forgetting that spring was yet far away, he lifted his strong curved wings, and drummed forth his whirring love call.

Malcolm Traveleyan started from his gloomy thoughts as a strange penetrating sound smote on his ears "*Tump, tump, tump, trrrrrrr*." He rose lazily went to the entrance of the wigwam and listened. Yes, there it was again rolling forth on the morning air, so far away that it was

hardly a sound one heard, it was more nearly a vibration one felt, pulsating on the ear drums—three or four sharp thuds followed by a roll of kettledrums. A certain something within him stirred and his fingers twitched excitedly. He had heard much of the partridges mating call; but had never seen the bird in its wild state. Quickly buckling on his snow shoes and catching up a '32 Reapter, which Red Pheasant had left behind, he started out in the direction whence rolled the martial music of one of the handsomest of the feathered inhabitants of our northern Woods.

A fall of snow during the night deadened the crunch, crunch, of his snow shoes, rendering his approach easier to accomplish unobserved. There it was again, nearer now, than when he last heard it. On he plodded, the snow shaking from his snowshoes in sparkling white cascades as he lifted his feet. Once more the call rolled forth, this time so near that Malcolm stopped dead in his tracks, his heart beating wildly and his breath coming in short excited gasps. Stealthily he looked at the priming of his rifle; stealthily he moved forward until he stood on the edge of the glade in the presence of the little lord of the woods, who strutted with dignified mien, backward and forward upon the rotting log, which he had won for his own in many a hard fought battle. With rapt interest the New Yorker gazed on the novel sight, while the partridge joyously sent reverberating through the silent woods in the fullness of his stout little heart, his energetic, almost defiant, expression of his joy of living.

As he watched his newly aroused sense of observation warned him of another stalker on the other side of the clearing, —a gray, softly gliding shape, which moved slowly, stealthily from shadow to shadow, nearer and nearer to the log on which the partridge, with tail spread, was

performing his amorous evolutions for the benefit of the little hen he vainly hoped was hidden close at hand.

A lynx, what luck! He must bag this big cat. If he should succeed, 'twould perhaps raise him in the Indian's estimation and change his opinion regarding the probability of his becoming a good hunter. While he gazed fascinatedly at hunter and hunted, the lynx had flattened himself on a log and was settling himself firmly for the spring upon the unsuspecting partridge, every muscle twitching with suppressed excitement. What a picture of pent-up energy and fitness the gray form before him presented! The eyes of the lynx glowed with savage eagerness born of famine. He crouched, waiting the favourable moment to pounce on his prey. So intently did he gaze on his prospective meal, that he was quite oblivious of the presence of his greatest foe, man. Malcolm waited breathlessly until the lynx came a trifle nearer, testing the direction of the wind, meanwhile, with his moistened finger. The Gods were surely with him, for, what little breeze stirred blew from the lynx to himself, so he knew that he would be unobserved as yet.

Slowly, steadily, he raised his rifle to his shoulder, and, aiming carefully, fired. With a yowl of pain and rage, the lynx bounded into the air and like a silver streak, vanished through the woods, Travellyan hard after him, following the bloody trail over the snow. On and on he hurried, the big pads of the lynx ever before him, and a continuous trail of blood told him his quarry was badly wounded. Once he came to a spot where his quarry had rolled himself in the snow to cool the wound and to lick it free from the stiffness which was setting in. Malcolm stayed but an instant to examine the spot and again took up the comparatively clear trail over the soft snow. The sun passed the meridian, and still he was following.

The shadows of the trees lengthened in the late afternoon sunshine but still he stuck to the trail, which led him along the frozen bed of the river.

* * *

Red pheasant had completed the round of traps and was returning homeward, when it occurred to him that he might as well visit a marten trap he had set in a fallen pine tree, not far from his hunting trail. As he was resetting the spring marten trap he heard a sound, not far away which set his ears tingling. *Tump, tump, tump, trrrrrrrrrrrrr*, floated to his always alert ears.

"Ha, Partridge for supper," thought he.

No sooner thought than he started out toward the sound. As he silently plodded on, listening every now and again, he concluded, judging by the intensity of the sound, that the partridge was in a glade of which he knew, not a hundred yards from the far bank of the river, which he must cross presently.

As he gained the edge of the bush which fringed the high banks of the river, a sight met his gaze which froze his blood in his veins. Before he could shout a warning, a gray, furry shape hurtled through the air, and landed fairly upon the head of the approaching man. Then began a pandemonium of blood curdling yowls and cries of pain. With a start of terror Red Pheasant recognized none other than the immaculate Algernon Malcolm Travellyan, whom he had left that morning serenely sleeping in the wigwam a couple of miles away.

The situation, as taken in by the Indian, was one which demanded instant action if he wished to save Malcolm from further maltreatment, which necessarily must have been fatal if he delayed longer. Quicker than it takes to relate, he saw that he could not shoot without wounding

Malcolm. He leaped down the precipitous slope. Coming upon the beast from behind, he dealt a well directed blow. With a snarl of fury the lynx let go his hold on his victim and hurled himself,—a yowling spitting furry ball of fury, at his new assailant. Red Pheasant sharply drew himself aside as the now furious lynx was almost upon him, and, as he sailed by let fly another backhanded blow with his hunting axe which dropped the feline marauder a quivering ball of carrion. Then he went to where Trevellyan lay unconscious, his head all bloody from the talons of the fury which now lay harmless.

Picking Malcolm up gently, as if he were a child, Red Pheasant hoisted him to his shoulders, and marched away into gathering shadows. A mile of distance lay behind, when Red Pheasant pricked up his ears and stopped to listen. No, it was unmistakable, that high pitched mournful sound which struck terror into the hearts of the most intrepid hunter. The Indian hastened his steps, trusting that it was but the tonguing of a pack in chase of a rabbit. Timber wolves were not hungry as yet, so he felt reasonably secure, especially as the night wind blew from them to him. Malcolm's inert frame was becoming heavier and heavier to carry, but he plowed manfully on through the deepening gloom, listening for further manifestations of the dreaded timber wolves. He almost counted the distance yet to traverse. Suddenly he heard the baying again, this time behind him, about a mile distant. Could he make the two hundred yards which lay between himself and safety, burdened as he was? With laboured breath, and cracking muscles, he stumbled forward into a shambling run, expecting every moment the leader of the pack to head him off by springing from the bush ahead. He was not disappointed, for hardly had the thought passed through

his mind, when two gray shapes dashed, like shadows, out of the gloom of the bush cutting them off from the wigwam, which was but a short stone's throw away. Quick as thought, Red Pheasant dropped his burden and awaited the onslaught of his implacable foes. Whirling round short, the two huge wolves dashed towards the Indian and the huddled form at his feet.

Red Pheasant raised his rifle and hit the leader as he leaped toward him, drilling him neatly through the throat, while in mid air. Discharging the empty shell from the magazine, he pulled the trigger, but nothing happened. He was about to club the rifle and strike out for dear life, when a wonderful thing occurred. Malcolm, roused to consciousness by the howls of the wolves and the noise of the shot, raised himself with difficulty and seeing the situation, drew a revolver from his belt, aimed blindly at the remaining wolf, fired point blank and fell back unconscious with the carcass of the aggressor almost covering him. Another chorus of fierce howls and yelps not far behind proclaimed the presence of the rest of the pack. With strength born of fear the Indian picked up the unconscious Malcolm, and, half carrying, half dragging him, rushed

forward, and tumbled headlong into the wigwam, just as the pack of gaunt timber wolves broke cover and brought up on their haunches in the clearing.

The sun was shining in at the open doorway of the wigwam several days after the events chronicled above, paling the flames of a fire which burned in the centre. Red Pheasant sat by the bed of his patient awaiting in silence the awakening consciousness in the wounded man whom he had twice rescued from a horrible death, but for whose presence of mind at the critical moment, their bones, might, by this time, have been picked clean. As he sat there watching, tenderly, as a woman, over the sufferer, his eyes glowed with admiration, and a sting of compunction flashed through him as he thought of the almost open contempt he had shown toward the white man who was now to him as a brother.

Presently Malcolm stirred slightly, opened his eyes and quickly closed them. When his eyes became accustomed to the strong light, the first sight which met them was the kind face of Red Pheasant, gazing solicitously at him, and he became aware of a kindly voice murmuring in the Cree language: He will live, Gitche Manitou be praised. He will live."



An Old House and Dreams

BY DOROTHY FOSTER, T. '25.

Pale torch of night, I see thee take thy way
In contemplative movement o'er the sky
The last dim sounds of twilight and of day
Silenced by darkness, have naught but to die.

Grey'd by the shadows, silvered by the moon,
I see an old sad house waiting alone
Loving the darkness, the cool silent boon,
And dreaming of dear days forever gone.

Frail shadows playing o'er it ghostlike flit,
'Tis like a phantom house, of fairy lore
I quite expect to see come out of it
The people of its dreams, to live, once more.

Amid this beauty for a few still hours
Romance and tragedy, their pain and love,
'Circled by fragrance of old fashioned flowers,
Lit by the everlasting eyes above.

But silence holds the place within its thrall
Alone I stay, nor crave for company
Above me, ancient pine trees towering tall
Purr with their velvet boughs in harmony.

No people from the dim-lit yesterday
Appear before me, but in place I see
Ethereal forms emerging from the grey
Creatures of pale to-morrows, days to be.

I watch my treasured dreams enacted there,
Just time. The egotism of loneliness
Comes over me. They fade into the air,
Those dream-folk, leaving me alone to guess.

Pale torch of night, creep onward o'er the sky;
Fade, searching stars, into the black of night,
Crave not into my secret heart to pry
But leave me, till the dawn brings back the light.



The Basque Country

BY RICHARD COOPER, AGR. '26

"Lodgings for the night?" repeated Madame the tobacconist's lady. "Have Messieurs tried the Grand Hotel?"

We almost laughed in her face. Had we tried the Grand Hotel? Yes indeed, and the Centrale and the Bayonne to boot. We might have added with very little exaggeration that we had visited every hotel in Bayonne. Hotels de Paris, Hotels de la France, de l'Europe de l'Universe, all had agreed in the impossibility of our obtaining a room with two beds. Hotels de luxe and hotels bourgeoises, hotels modestes and hotels immodestes had given the same answer. But Madame had a ray of hope. Would we object to ascending *au quatrieme*? We had reached the stage when a hay-loft is welcome, and said so. Thereupon we received instructions, which led us to a large building whose drowsy concierge directed us to a small flat on the fourth floor.

The owner of the flat proved to be a somewhat timid individual who was not a little put out at this midnight apparition of foreigners upon her doorstep. *Richard* repeated the question which we had already put so many times. She was very sorry but she had nothing to offer us.

"Du tout?" we repeated desperately.

"Du tout, du tout, du tout," she said with an unmistakable air of finality.

There is a time when every man realizes the futility of battling with fate, and *Richard* led the way to a café. There at least we could sit down for a few minutes. I asked the waiter the cause of our scurvy reception at Bayonne. Was there a fête or was this the height of the season?

"But no," was the reply. "It is merely that there are a great many people in

Bayonne," and the waiter pocketed his tip. We finished our drinks and made our way to the station waiting room—vagabonds in a strange land.

I must confess that I was a little doubtful as to *Richard's* ability to sleep on the counter of a Bureau de Renseignements, but he tells me that he was sleeping as soundly as I was when a harsh voice brought us both back to realities.

"Who are you? By what right are you sleeping here? Have you no tickets?"

Richard answered that (1) we were British (2) we were without lodging and (3) and intended leaving Bayonne by the early train, and we had not yet procured tickets.

Whereat officialdom stormed, "Without tickets you cannot sleep here. It is too late to obtain tickets to-night. Where are your passports?"

Richard produced his papers, but when the angry official attempted to snatch them *Richard* refused to part with them. The official summoned his superior.

"Why would we not give up our passports?" We replied that we were in no mood to part with our papers to a strange and possibly unauthorized official at midnight in a foreign city. We would willingly accompany monsieur to the gendarmerie.

"Moi, je suis le gendarmerie!" stormed the little man in the best style of Louis XIV, and he stabbed himself in the chest three times to avoid misunderstanding. There followed an argument, but finally we were escorted to the police station where we produced our papers which, needless to say were correct.

"Why did you put me to all this unnecessary trouble by not letting me see

your papers at the railway station?" asked the senior of the two gendarmes—for such they proved to be.

Richard was very humble. "We are very sorry, but we always understood that in France gentlemen of your profession were accustomed to wearing—monsieur will pardon me — red trousers and....."

"It is enough, you may go," said the senior gendarme.

So we walked out into the empty street and spent the remainder of the warm southern night on a park bench waiting for the dawn.

Early the next morning we were at the station to catch the six o'clock train for Puyoo *en route* for Mauléon. As the train drew out we cursed Bayonne, its hotels and its policemen with that terrible curse wherewith, on a momentous occasion, Dr. Slop anathematized Obadiah.

II

Mountain ranges are sometimes the homes of strange racial survivals which seem to have no connection with the wealthy farmers and burghers of the plains. In this respect the Pyrenees are no exception, for the long narrow valleys are often peopled with races to whom French is as a foreign language and who have more sympathy with their racial kinsmen on the Spanish side of the watershed than with a citizen of Paris or Bordeaux. Of all these racial survivals there is none stranger than the Basques, whose home is in a narrow strip of territory, on both sides of the frontier, and stretching from the Pass of Rencevals to the Atlantic Ocean. There are at least five dialects of Basque known to philologists, of which some are spoken only by half-a-dozen individuals. As to the origin of the Basque tongue, the learned differ. I have heard it variously described as purest Stone Age and as akin to certain Central American languages. Luckily the Basques

have many other titles to fame besides their complicated language. They have invented an excellent liqueur called Izarra—which being translated means, significantly enough, "a star." Also the Basque claims the distinction of being, besides the Anglo-Saxon, the only race which is naturally addicted to ball games. Their game, "la pelota" is a glorification of the same sport which is known in Canada as handball and is familiar to English schoolboys under the name of "fives." Two types of the game are played, one in which the ball is struck against the wall with the bare hand, the other in which a wickerwork glove is used. Regarding the former sport it would be an interesting problem for the biologists to decide whether the Basques play pelota because they have large hands or have large hands because they play pelota.

The expedition which had begun so disastrously at Bayonne had originated out of a desire to make a tour of the Basque country and, although this plan was not rigidly adhered to, the first part of our journey was spent in the midst of the Basque people.

We had half an hour at Puyoo for breakfast and *Richard* insisted upon ordering chocolate in a small-sized pudding bowl *à la paysanne* as he calls it. Madame was decidedly amused at the Englishman who wished to eat his food like a French peasant but fundamentally *Richard* is sound. It is amazing the difference which the receptacle makes to the taste of a beverage. Does tea taste right in a tin pannikin, or is water the same out of a china cup as it is out of a tumbler? Personally I have seen sights to turn the hair grey; notably, I have visited the galley of a cattle ship during business hours and afterwards been obliged to eat its produce. But of all the hideous spectacles which I have ensured, there was none more revolting than a Dublin family

which I once saw in a third class carriage of the Irish Mail sipping Australian Burgundy from railway teacups.

Shortly after we left Puyoo the Pyrenees appeared to the south of us, a blue band across the sky-line, and by eleven o'clock we had reached Mauleon, where is the railway terminus of the valley of the Saison. We found Mauléon to be a typical French village steeped in the holy sleep of a Sabbath noon. The sun beat down upon the trellised vineyards and broad fields of Indian corn, while a couple of ox-teams slowly dragged two-wheeled carts beneath the shade of an endless perspective of poplars and chestnuts.

After we had carried our bags to an hotel I went in search of a motor to carry us over the next stage of our journey. My wanderings led me to the house of a photographer who was said to be the owner of many cars. There I found a man of a sweet charm such as ordinarily exists only in the legends of the saints. He received me with simple courtesy, listened attentively while I explained in my halting French that I desired to hire a motor to take my friend and myself to St. Jean-Pied-de-Port, and seemed genuinely sorry that both his motors were hired and that he could not help us personally. Nevertheless, although it was high noon, he led me to a garage where he introduced me to the owner of an improvised bus which was to make the trip to St. Jean that very afternoon.

"This is a stranger, he is unaccustomed to our language and our ways," said the photographer, "deal with him honourably." And the bus proprietor offered to take us to St. Jean for fifteen francs each. *But beware of the perfidity that is in the heart of a Basque!*

I returned to *Richard* proud of the bargain which I had arranged and we immediately set out for a café where we

could get some lunch. Our meal was served to us in a large cool room darkened by Venetian blinds and set about with pictures of the chase. The *pièce de résistance* (in more senses than one) proved to be a *bifteck à l'anglaise* tougher than the hide of a Tammany politician. *Richard* however realized the thoughtfulness which prompted this attention and when Madame brought the bill, regardless of the feelings of future English visitors to Mauléon, *Richard* told her that never outside the City of London had he tasted such a bifteck. Madame was delighted. She had never visited England but her poor late husband had lived for five years in London—presumably the cause of his untimely decease—and there had learned the mysteries of English cookery. Except for the *pièce de résistance* the meal was beyond reproach, and after we had enjoyed our coffee at leisure we made for the bus. Being foreigners we arrived at the time at which the bus was due to start, with the result that we were kept waiting at least half an hour. Finally however the load was made up and *Richard* and I found ourselves crowded among a number of pelota enthusiasts bound for St. Jean to see the international games which were to form part of a grand Basque festival.

The pelota fans beguiled the journey with songs from the Italian Opera until a little dark man, unable to contain himself any longer, leant forward and said to me, "You English have assassinated *Vaquier!*"

Now *Vaquier* was a French murderer whose execution in England had set newspapers talking on both sides of the Channel. The mention of his name was a signal for a general discussion in which I fear that *Richard* and I had much the worst of it. We felt almost as if we ourselves had been responsible for the sentence and execution. Meanwhile we

were travelling through a decidedly broken country which nevertheless showed signs of agricultural prosperity. We stopped once, while the driver went in search of refreshment for man and motor. *Richard* and I watched an enthusiastic game of pelota. The men were playing the bare-handed game and we were both surprised at the force with which a ball could be propelled against a wall by a bare-fisted man standing back some sixty or seventy feet.

We left the game unfinished however for all were in hurry to reach St. Jean and the great international match between the Spanish and French Basques.

We drove into the central square of St. Jean and found the place in a turmoil. Oxen were tethered everywhere and above our heads wires decked with coloured lamps showed us that this would be the scene of the evening's dancing. Everywhere men wearing the characteristic round black cap of the Pyrenees, could be seen hurrying towards the scene of the great game. Above all the noise of a steam organ announced the presence of merry-go-rounds and swings.

We turned to the driver and handed him the sum for which he had bargained to take us and our baggage from Malcon to St. Jean. Immediately he saw an opportunity and calmly informed us that we had taken two seats and that we must pay for our places on the return journey even though we did not occupy them. It was a most obvious fraud, but we found that argument was futile, so *Richard* handed him the full sum after having solemnly cursed the money and whoever should own it. Though we had been palpably tricked we could see that the curse had affected the superstitious nature of the Basque and that the moral victory was ours. We immediately made for the Hotel Centrale in the main square and found

that St. Jean en fête could offer us better accommodation than Bayonne out of season.

By the time we had arranged for our rooms however we were hopelessly late for the game and we found that the court was surrounded by a dense crowd of on-lookers. Nevertheless we caught glimpses of the players and once or twice were rewarded with the sight of the incredible strokes which were achieved. Finally, however, we abandoned the game and wandered through the town in search of other amusement.

St. Jean is a place which still bears traces of its mediaeval fortifications. Not only do large sections of old walls remain but the narrow crooked streets show that this is a town that has been crowded into narrow limits.

Over many of the houses are legends carved in strange lettering which announces the name of the original owner and the date of erection, something after the following style, "This is the house erected for Jean Etcheberrigaray and his wife Marie, A. D. 1672."

St. Jean derives its real importance from its situation at the foot of the famous Pass of Rencevals. It is the market town where the mountaineers bring their produce and is also the last French town before the traveller crosses the Spanish frontier.

In mediaeval times St. Jean was a place of some political importance and for a considerable period of its existence was included in the Kingdom of Navarre. This connection is preserved in the arms of the town which still bear besides St. John and his conventional lamb, the ancient arms of Navarre which may still be seen on any Spanish coin—"Gules, a cross and saltire of chains affixed to an annulet in the fess point and to an orle or"—in plain English an arrangement of chains very similar to the crosses in our own Union Jack.

We dined that night on a verandah shaded with vines. Towards ten o'clock there came sounds of music and presently we saw a procession headed by a band and dancers march into the brightly lighted square. In a few minutes everyone was dancing and the band, which had settled on a raised platform, had struck up a Basque tune. Wandering among the crowd I noticed one old man who seemed to be either unable or unwilling to secure a partner and was dancing a pas seul, surrounded by a crowd of interested spectators. Presently however a little boy of about six years stepped into the ring with a handkerchief draped across his arm and executed all the manoeuvres of a toreador with the most ridiculous solemnity. Finally he leant forward and with his outstretched hand made a motion of stabbing the old man. There was something spontaneous about the whole thing that is quite indescribable, though I suppose that it is as natural for a Basque child to play at toreador as for an American child to pretend to be Babe Ruth. Presently dancing gave way to fireworks, and as a grande finale a large wooden bull spitting broadsides of fire to port and starboard was triumphantly borne through the excited crowd.

* * *

The next day when we paid our hotel bill the proprietor presented us each with a glass of Izarra in which we pledged the health of madame and the prosperity

of the hotel. We then hurried out to secure two outside places on the bus which was to take us through Rencevaes to the tramway terminus on the Spanish side.

Our last impression of St. Jean savoured, it must be confessed, of the "morning after." The coloured lamps still hung over the square in which a Monday market was being held by peasants, whose drowsy faces bore witness to last night's enjoyment.

About four kilometers outside St. Jean we crossed the stream which here forms the border between France and Spain. Customs formalities were soon complied with and we began the steep climb up the broad curves which lead the road to the summit of the pass. Far below us we could see a little stream. Beside it, died Roland treacherously betrayed to the Saracens and with him Oliver his friend, Turpin the archbishop—that practical exponent of the Church Militant—and all the peers of France.

The bus wheezed up the last gradient, and we arrived upon the broad, gently sloping plateau which forms the Spanish side of the Pyrenees. Beside us was the little village of Rencevals with the great monastery where masses are still said for the repose of Roland and Oliver. Stretching behind us was the deep narrow valley widening into the French plains—ahead of us lay the road to Pamplona and the glamour of Spain.

(To Be Continued)

The Golden Rule is that there are no golden rules.—*Bernard Shaw.*

It is more necessary to study men than books.—*De la Rochefoucauld.*



Executive, Literary and Debating Society



Executive, Students' Christian Association

Pictures From The North

By R. O. BROOKE, (Post-Grad.)

A wonderful country of trees, lakes and sky is the country of the North. A land apart from the contamination of the over-civilized; no ugly pavement, no roaring, shrieking railroads, but just the natural struggle for existence going on as though man were not present.

There are days when the air is still and the sun beats down with a dazzling glare, days when the water seems so bright that the islands appear to float above its mirror-like surface, days when we feel insignificant indeed beside the forces of Nature.

Towards sundown on one such day, my partner and I were paddling wearily homeward after a long trip to the limits of our beat. The landscape was painted purple by the sun sinking in a perfect inferno of brilliant colours, an early moon had already asserted the new régime and at times the howl of the timber wolf wavered weirdly from the shore. A heavy bank of clouds which had formed the sunset began to spread over the sky.

Nearer and nearer the thunder rumbled, lightening flashed from cloud to cloud; closer and closer until it seemed to blaze along the water.

The waves rose twice the height of our canoe, which pitched and bucked like a broncho. Then down came the rain. Thank goodness! the lightning showed our camp close at hand.

Presto! the wind changed and charged viciously down upon us. Its fury lifted our canoe half from the water, held it so for a moment and replaced it, wrong side up.

We were very glad to reach camp that night.

* * *

They were the bones of a dead man. A pioneer of pioneers, a prospector among the first to penetrate the wilderness in search of wealth. The skeleton lay in the shadow at one side of the tunnel, one long arm stretched towards the test pit which ran six or eight feet down into the vein.

My partner and I stumbled towards the light. Below us spread Lake Anima like a large pond. A breath of wind ruffled its surface and whispered through the trees along the shore. A loon rose in the water and sent its mocking musical laugh echoing up the cliff. It suddenly grew quiet and after a short pause dived below. All nature seemed to venerate that open tomb.

Here lay a heap of mouldering logs, once a cabin; there the ruins of an up-turned canoe. It was easy to reconstruct the scene.

The log cabin beneath the pine trees, smoke coming from the chimney, the prospector, sitting on an up-turned box, smoking his evening pipe as the sun faded from the panorama stretched before him. No doubt his mind would be filled with hopes of riches and a speedy return to the outer world.

One day death came nigh and marred the picture. Now his bones lie unburied in the grave of his own making.

* * *

One day our red canoe was gliding slowly through a narrow gorge. It seemed a part of its wild surroundings, the abode of silence and tranquillity. To splash with a paddle were a desecration for the spirit of Nature seemed to hover above the crags on either side.

Further on, the ravine broadened to a

wide bay. A stream swept majestically in from the south, bubbling gently around a pile of boulders at its mouth.

To one side of the stream rose an immense mass of rock, tier on tier; its sombre colouring broken by little thickets of spruce and birch.

As the canoe floated silently under the trees, a red deer and its little one broke cover down near the base of the cliff. For a moment the mother sniffed the air, the picture of natural beauty and alertness, and then, reassured, she led the way daintily into the lake.

Leaving the canoe on a flat rock we began to climb the cliff.

Choke cherries, sugar plums, and raspberries, grew wherever a crevice gave them foothold.

Sometimes a boulder, loosened from the face of the cliff, dived headlong down, bounding from buttress to buttress, and disappeared with a roar in the sea of foliage.

From far above came the scream of a seagull, a whirling whiteness barely seen against the sky and all around us we felt the presence of life in all its myriad forms, working for an unknown goal.

At no time is a pipe-full of tobacco so conducive to contentment as after just such a climb.

The wonderful country of the north

spread out on all sides, trees, lakes and sky. In every direction appeared a network of the bluest of blue water, sometimes a wide expanding sheet, sometimes a thin line losing itself at intervals in the green of the forest.

To the east, a cloud of vapour marked the passage of a mountain stream swooping in cataract after cataract through its leafy tunnel. The roar of the falling waters came dully through the still air.

To the west fire had blighted the scene. Who can imagine anything more desolate than a burnt-out forest?

Tall, desolate pine trees waved their gaunt and blackened limbs towards the sky. No squirrel chattered in their branches, the song birds diverted their flight, an occasional crow darted through like the shadow of a lost soul, leaving behind a tragic stillness, a strange unnatural loneliness.

But the powers of regeneration are at work. Shrubs and saplings, already partly clothed the roots of these grizzly skeletons, which one by one were falling to their rest in the fresh green moss.

The hand of nature would presently wipe this blotch from the picture.

Some,
 "Find tongues on trees, books, in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones and good in everything."

Old people like to give good advice to
 console themselves for their inability to
 set a bad example.

De la Rochefoucauld.

Faculty Items

OBITUARY

The older residents of the college community were shocked to learn of the death of Miss Sinclair on October 16th in Toronto. She had been ill for about three months at her summer home in Muskoka, but those who knew of her illness did not realize the serious nature of the disease. Miss Sinclair lived with and assisted her brother Dr. S. B. Sinclair, who it will be remembered, was Dean of the School for Teachers at Macdonald from 1908 to 1914. She was a graduate of Queen's University and later specialized in education, taking advanced courses at the Normal College, Toronto, at Chicago University, and at the Sorbonne, Paris. From a well-equipped mind she made frequent contributions to educational literature. Moreover, she travelled quite extensively in Europe and the United States, always with an open observant mind. While at Macdonald she took a great interest in all matters relating to the College, and the Sinclair apartment in the Men's Residence was a favourite meeting-place for both staff and students. Her genial, bright, kindly disposition made her a general favourite with the whole community, and her death will be mourned by many old students and friends.

The *Magazine* sends its warmest sympathy to Dr. S. B. Sinclair in his sad bereavement.

Dr. Harrison, Dr. Dickson and Dr. Duporte attended the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Toronto and presented papers along the lines of their respective subjects.

At the Autumn Convocation of Queen's University held on Friday, Oct. 17, Prof. B. T. Dickson represented Macdonald College. On this occasion Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden was installed Chancellor of Queen's, the Douglas Library was opened and corner stones laid to the Clinical and Pathological Buildings of the General Hospital.

Mr. W. A. Maw attended the annual Convention of the American Association of Instructors and Investigators in Poultry Husbandry held at the North Carolina College of Agriculture, Raleigh, N. C. August 18-22. He also visited the United States Department of Agriculture Poultry Farm at Beltsville, Maryland.

Prof. H. Barton attended a meeting of the Dairy Cattle Committee in Ottawa on October 6th. The Committee was appointed by the Dominion Live Stock Commissioner for the purpose of considering ways and means recommended by the Dominion Dairy Cattle Conference for the advancement of the Dairy Cattle Industry in Canada.

Prof. H. Barton visited Guelph on October 28th, to give a lecture on breeding to the swine breeders of Ontario.

On October 30th, and 31st, a bacon hog competition under the auspices of the Dominion and Provincial Departments of Agriculture was held at the College. Lectures and assistance in the judging were given by the staff of the Animal Husbandry Department.

Dr. H. D. Brunt attended the Summer School at Chicago University.

Mr. L. C. Raymond attended the Summer School at the University of Wisconsin and completed his work for the degree of Master of Science in Agriculture which has been granted.

Mr. A. R. Ness attended the Summer School at Cornell University.

Mr. W. P. Percival attended the Summer School at Columbia University and completed his work for the degree of Master of Arts which has been granted him. He also received the Teachers College Diploma in Mathematics accompanying the M. A. degree.

Miss J. Simpson attended the Summer Session at Columbia University, N. Y.

Misses Bellis and Fowlie attended the Summer School in Art at Burlington, Vt.

We are very sorry to report the resignation of Mr. J. E. McOuat, from the post of Lecturer in Nature Study. Mr. McOuat has gone to Kenogami, Que. to take the Principalship of the Intermediate School there. Mr. and Mrs. McOuat and son "Donald" will be greatly missed on the campus. The best wishes of the staff go with them to their new home.

Mr. William C. Quail, M. Sc. of the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge University, has been appointed as Head of the Physics Department succeeding Dr. Lynde who has joined the staff of Columbia University, New York City.

Mr. M. C. Howitt of the Horticulture Department has been appointed as Lecturer in Nature Study in the School for Teachers succeeding Mr. J. E. McOuat.

Mr. S. R. N. Hodgins has been appointed Lecturer in English in the School of Agriculture.

Mr. W. A. Delong, M. Sc. has been appointed Assistant in Chemistry.

Mr. J. R. Sanborn, B. Sc. has been appointed Lecturer in Bacteriology.

Miss Florence M. Jarvis of Hamilton,

Ont., has been appointed to the Extension Staff of the School of Household Science as Superintendent of Women's Institutes succeeding Miss Eleanor Roach.

Interesting trips were taken by members of the staff during the summer months: Miss M. Russell to "The Land of the Midnight Sun;" Misses Price, Campbell, Babb, Hayward and Mrs. Giles to England and the Continent.

Dean and Mrs. Laird and Miss Scott attended the Teachers' Convention at Victoria, B. C.

Miss M. Brownrigg spent the summer studying in France.

Dr. McTaggart was called home to New Zealand in June and while there made an extensive study of the dairy situation.

On June 28th, Miss Evelyn Murphy of the Poultry Department and Mr. Paul Stuart Scott of Montreal were married in the Union Church, at Ste. Annes.

On August 12th, Mr. M. C. Howitt and Miss Lorna Henry were married at Orangeville, Ont.

On August 20th Miss Eleanor M. Roach and Mr. C. E. Lampman of Madison, Wisconsin were married at Sussex, N. B.

Born on July 15th, to Prof. and Mrs. Bunting, a daughter, "Patricia Kathleen."

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. McOuat of Ottawa are the proud parents of a daughter "Barbara Jean."

We are glad to report that Mr. G. R. Stephens, who has been very ill for the past two months, is making very satisfactory progress.

The Macdonald College Golf Club reports a successful season. In the final contests the following men were the winners:

The Fallis Trophy—Prof. H. Barton.
The President's Cup—Mr. J. G. Coulson.

Thirty-Six Hole Competition—Mr. S. R. N. Hodgins.



Our Wider Interest

EDITOR—GEORGE E. HUNT

At this beautiful season of the year when nature is preparing herself for the coming winter, our attention is drawn unwittingly to the subject of plants. In the following letter to you Dr. Dickson, Professor of Botany at our College, dwells on some of the phases of the subject that are most interesting to you.—Ed. note.

Dear Boys and Girls:—

There is hardly one of you but loves the wonderful colours of the maple leaves in the autumn, the brilliant patches of reds with tinges of purple on the background of yellows and greens. The woods are delightfully beautiful in the distance and seen close up the individual trees are magnificent in their colour effects. When you think back and compare other autumns with this which we are now enjoying, I am sure you will agree that it is the most wonderful of all. It is difficult to recall another when the leaf colorations were so brilliant so they are now. Maples are exceptionally highly coloured but the rowan leaves and berries run them a close second, and then for third place trees, shrubs and creepers in number vie with each other.

In the fields and gardens the last crops are rapidly being harvested and soon we shall have bare trees, (except the evergreens) and brown earth awaiting their mantle of snow.

After the long winter will come again the spring with bursting buds, spring flowers and rapidly growing plants of all

kinds, so that the earth will be once more clothed in a mantle of green.

When I was asked to write something for you in the College Magazine, I felt sure that you appreciated something of the beauty of plants, but I wondered how many of you know the very vital part that plants play in the life of animals and man on this earth. So I am going to try to give you a picture of that work in this article.

One of the most important problems which we shall have to face in the near future is that of securing an adequate supply of food. It may seem strange to you, when you think of the vast areas of agricultural land on the earth, to hear of a possible shortage of food. Nevertheless it is true because the population of the earth is increasing rapidly and available land is decreasing equally fast. Now when you begin to consider food, your mind turns to meat, bread, vegetables, porridge, fruit, etc., and perhaps meat occupies a prominent position. A little thought will show, however, that all meat is derived from animals which are plant eaters. The day may come when animals will be too expensive to feed because of the area they require and we shall be nearly or altogether vegetarians. In that time the grower of better crops will be acknowledged a benefactor of humanity. We will come back to this question of food a little later and meantime consider some other points.

Our fuels are wood, coal of various

kinds, cokes (obtained from coal) oils, natural gas, gasoline, alcohol and electricity. All but the last when traced back to their origin lead us to plants because coal, for example, is made of the buried remains of plants which lived many, many years ago.

Cotton, flax and hemp give us fibres which can be woven into textiles and today we have also vegetable silk and vegetable wool.

Rubber, which has become of great importance because of its varied uses, is the modified milky juice of a tree. Oils, resins and tanning compounds are obtained from plants and many important medicines come from the same source. Plant dyes were known of old and we still use them. Some of our most powerful explosives are derived from cellulose which is only obtained from plants.

This printed page is made from paper pulp, which is composed of ground up and chemically treated trees.

In this country, as in many others, most of our houses are built of lumber in various forms and furnished with carved and moulded woods in chairs, tables, and so on. While iron and steel have become quite prominent in the implements of industry and transportation wood still plays an important part.

All these facts are more or less generally familiar so let us now consider three others not so easily brought to mind. We speak of soils and discuss the quality of soils according to color, texture, water-holding capacity, fertility and so on, but fundamentally what is a soil? It is not merely an accumulation of the fine fragments of broken down rocks. In addition there must be water, air, decaying plant matter and living organisms, many of them minute plants. Without these other constituents rock material alone would not support life. That is why we plough under green crops and supply certain bacteria to soils deficient in them. So

plants are of prime importance in the making of soils.

Now as to the making of our foods we see the most wonderful arrangement in nature. Plants are green because the cells contain a green pigment, which is technically known as chlorophyll, a word meaning simply "the green of the leaf." This green pigment can do what no animal or man has yet been able to do in spite of all our great laboratories and manufacturing establishments. It is the chemist of nature and its work is to combine water in the vapour form with a common gas known as carbon dioxide. This combination gives us sugar and starch and from sugar and starch all our other foods are made either by changing them or adding to them and the manufacture of such products occurs only in plants. We can absorb them into our bodies and so can animals, but we cannot make them. You will realize the wonderful arrangement of food manufacture by chlorophyll if you think of the two substances first used—water and a common gas of the atmosphere. It is still more astonishing when you know that carbon dioxide is poisonous to us and that with every breath from our lungs we are getting rid of it as much as possible. Here are plants making food for us out of water and a substance which is poisonous and which if not used would accumulate in the air until no human being or animal could possibly live on the earth.

You will naturally wonder when this work is being done. The interesting thing about that is the fact that it goes on only during daylight and never in the dark. Chlorophyll cannot manufacture food without some energy to run the machinery so to speak. In our industrial establishments we use water power, steam, gasoline and electricity, but the plant absorbs and uses the energy from sunlight in a way which we cannot yet explain.

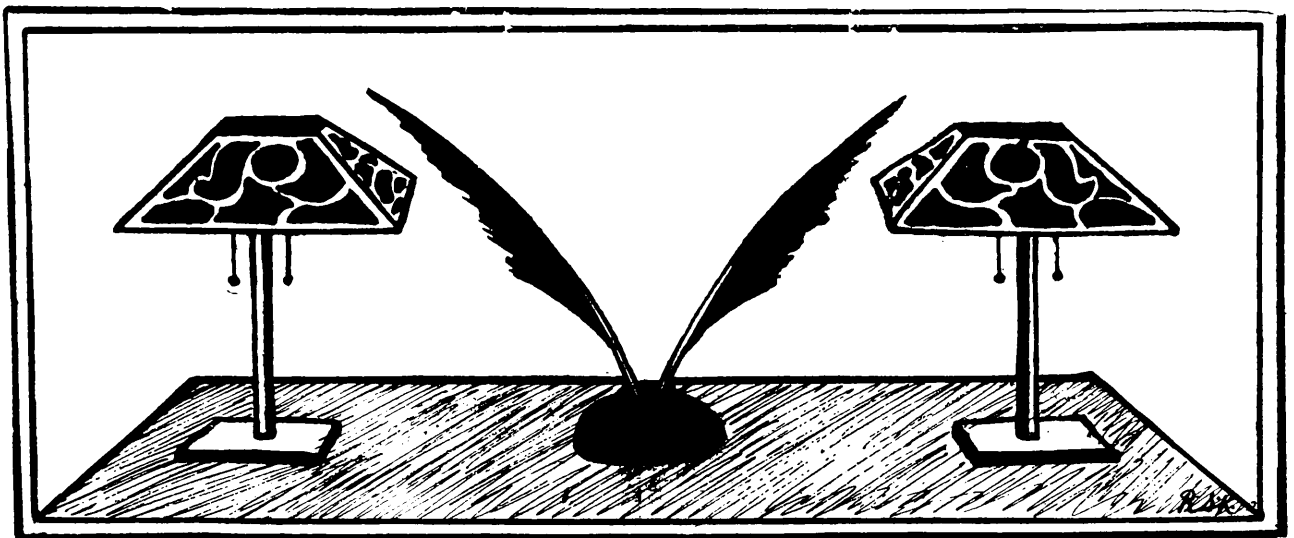
One other point we should notice in connection with the work of chlorophyll in making our basic foods. In combining water vapour and carbon dioxide, it is found that there is too much oxygen present and so the plant liberates it. Thus we have green plants using up a poisonous gas from the air and returning in its place oxygen which is most important for our breathing and the continuation of life. No other arrangement in nature could possibly be more vitally fundamental to human life.

Just before leaving this topic let me point out that an acre of potatoes even at so low a yield as 100 bushels per acre would feed 600 men for 1 day, while the dressed beef from cattle which could be fed on an average acre would feed only 43 men for 1 day.

We could continue writing about plants in other respects, such as their relation to rainfall and soil holding, their meth-

ods of producing seed, and of spreading over wide areas of the earth, their means of protection, their ability to grow in deserts and marshes, on high mountains, in hot springs and in Arctic regions and so forth, but time does not allow at present. But in conclusion I want to remind you that in a few years you boys and girls will be in charge of this country, and some things concerning plants must be well done. We must protect our forests from fire and conserve them from waste. It is the part of wisdom to plant a tree for every one which dies or is cut down. We must protect all plants from the ravages of disease and breed plants which give higher yield and which can resist the attacks of disease-causing organisms. And finally we ought to utilize the beauty of plants round and in our homes by planting flowers, shrubs and shade trees. Never damage a tree for it is a silent benefactor of the human race.





Under The Desk Lamp

The Editor,
Macdonald College Magazine.
Dear Sir:—

I take the liberty of asking you to publish this letter in order to bring before the Student Body a matter which should cause it deep concern.

I refer to the custom or practice which in recent years has developed in regard to the three annual dances, that of issuing programmes with the invitations, or in lieu of this, the engaging of or exchanging of dances some time in advance of the date of the function.

This may appear a trivial matter, but to anyone who will give it a little thought it will be seen that the practice has far-reaching effects. In my own opinion and in that of several who have expressed their views in the matter it is tending to make our dances degenerate from very enjoyable events looked forward to with pleasant anticipation to functions which one finds himself under more or less social obligation to attend.

The system in vogue here at present is for the lady students to exchange dances with each other sometime previous to the

dance, so that their partner, if from Macdonald, instead of having the opportunity of dancing with whom they wish to dance, find that they have dances with a number of young ladies several of whom, I will admit, they are quite eager to have as partners although they may not even have become acquainted with others.

This arrangement is, of course, for various reasons highly desirable for the boys invited from outside the College. Again it may appear selfish for the men students to be dissatisfied simply for the reasons outlined above. But I have other motives to justify this letter.

During their stay here at Macdonald the men students are entertained on numerous occasions by members of the college staff. Thus they have the opportunity of forming an acquaintance with their superiors which does not rest upon a classroom basis alone. The only way the students have of showing their appreciation for such kindness is by expressing a desire of having the members of the staff present at our social functions and of having the pleasure of exchanging dances with them and their partners. But how is the student to do this when his programme

is already filled up? How is he even able to express that desire of seeing them there and assuring them that it is the wish of the students that the staff attend our dances in large numbers when he knows full well that even then, maybe two full weeks before the dance, his own programme is all blocked out and that he cannot put his wishes into practical form? May this not be one of the reasons why in recent years the members of the Faculty have been conspicuous at our dances by their absence?

Again, the majority of men students do not confine their social activities to any one group or class in the College. The average student usually makes acquaintance with girls from all schools and sections represented in the Women's Residence. But under the present arrangements, a student wishing to dance with some particular young lady finds himself "out of luck" for that evening at least as far as maintaining that acquaintance and expressing appreciation of it, unless the lady in question happens to be known personally to his partner or travels in her set.

Finally, one of the desirable features of our big dances used to be, but is no more, the presence of many Macdonald graduates. I think one of them expressed the reason for their absence when he said recently, "I would certainly like to attend the dance but I suppose all the girls' programmes are booked up and I would have to be satisfied with the left-overs."

The remedies for the situation I will not discuss here. There are several and they are too obvious to require comment. I might say, however, that the solution rests with the student body as well as with future dance committees.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor for the space which this rather lengthy letter consumes,

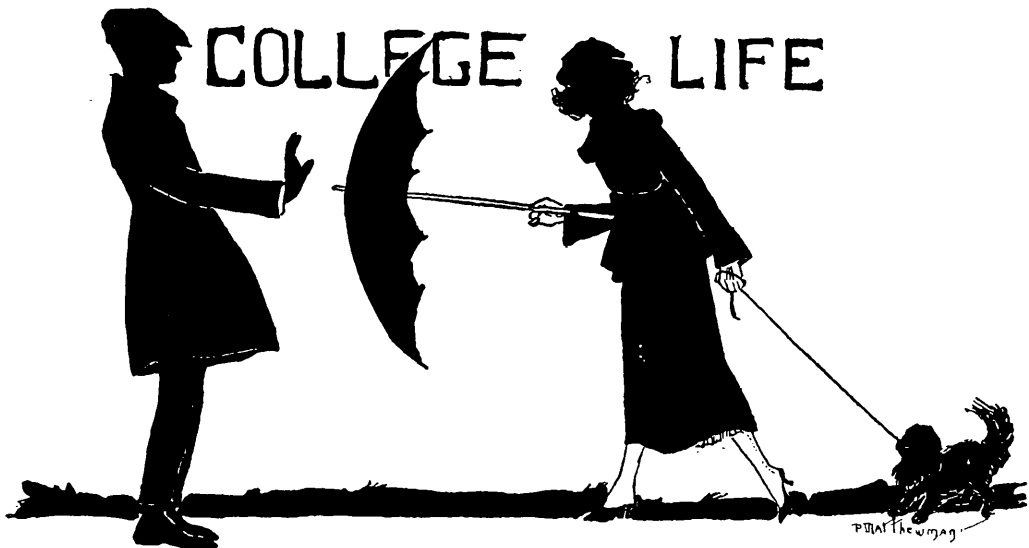
I remain,

Sincerely yours,

"Bachelor"

Editorial Note— The writer of the above letter has raised a number of decidedly controversial topics. We shall be glad to publish in later issues any correspondence which "Bachelor's" opinions may have provoked.





THE GIRLS' DANCE

The girls' dance on Hallowe'en, October 31, at which were present over two hundred couples was, in the opinion of all who attended it, a most successful and enjoyable event. To those who organized it should be given due appreciation for the success which crowned their efforts.

A suitably decorated gymnasium, corridors and alcoves bedecked with pennants and streamers, a softly lighted and well-arranged dining-room, excellent music by the McGill College Orchestra—all contributed to the temporary exclusion from our minds of the ordinary routine of college life.

Seven-thirty found us waiting in the Foyer for our respective supper-partners with whom we wended our way upstairs to be cordially received by Miss Russell, Miss Taylor and Dr. Harrison. Very soon afterwards the orchestra began the first extra extra. The long-expected first dance of the season had actually begun. After eight dances, supper, for which we were all ready, was served in the dining room. Without wasting as much as a quarter of an hour, we began again the race against Father Time, and succeeded in being a very close second to one o'clock.

Not many minutes past that hour we were again downstairs saying good-bye to the only girls in the world. The first dance of the season was over.

THE S. C. A. RECEPTION.

On October 18th., having decorated the men's gym., modestly but with good taste, the committee of the Students' Christian Association awaited the arrival of eight o'clock and our co-students from the other side of the oval after being welcomed by Miss Russell, the President, and Vice-President the students found themselves in the Gym listening to the words of Mr. H. Hill on the occasion of the eighteenth annual reception of the said association.

Prof. W. Lochhead, the speaker of the evening, expressed the sentiment that he was pleased to witness this event. He also said that although the reception was always an essential feature with which to begin the year it was also a pleasing one. Everyone seemed to acquiesce when he told them that the promotion of brotherly feeling was the object in view.

A game was then played, the feature of which was for every member of the party to obtain as many signatures from those of the opposite sex as he or she could—in order to foster mutual acquaintance—

and the inducement for the more zealous playing was a toothsome prize for each of the two best name getters. Dancing, Paul Jones and Fox Trots, and solos both vocal and instrumental, helped to round out the evening's programme; but doubtless the solemn (?) parade to the dining hall, the partaking of refreshments, and the return to the gym, via the tunnel, was the most interesting portion of the evening.

After about an hour of additional enjoyment we sang the National Anthem. We then realised that the S. C. A. Reception as all good things must, had come to an end.

SENIOR AD'S RECEPTION

A timely note of friendliness was struck at the reception given by the Senior Ads. to the members of the third and fourth years in Household Science and the Junior Ads on Sunday, September the twenty-first.

The girls were received by Miss Rushopitality soon broke the ice and a livell, Miss Argue, and Miss Major whose conversation was started up. In fact it is rumoured that (H)even the latest scandal was discussed in one corner.

In this way the juniors soon really got to know the staff and the older girls and found that they were really not so bad as they had perhaps seemed at first and altogether they voted the party a great success.

THE ELOCUTIONARY CONTEST

The Literary and Debating Society's Annual Elocutionary Contest was held in the Assembly Hall on October 24, at 6:45 p. m. The chair was occupied by Mr. Angell, president of the Society.

Both sides of the campus were fairly well represented, there being three entries from the ladies, and five from the men. According to custom, first place on the programme was given to the former.

The contest opened with a short poem by Miss Cappen. This was followed by a humorous selection by Miss Nichol. The last speaker, and deservedly the winner of the first prize, in the Women's Contest was Miss Muller. She recited "The Grammarian's Funeral" by Robert Browning with remarkable interpretation.

"Wolsey's Farewell to Cromwell" was then given by Mr. Sanders, the first of the men contestants. Mr. Ste. Marie very ably recited one of William Drummond's poems called "Le Notaire Publique." This selection, which was very humorous, caused considerable merriment. Mr. Zoond gave us a more intellectual satisfaction with three short poems,—"He Fell Among Thieves," a Sonnet by Shelley and "The Kiss" by Reynolds. This was followed by "Spartacus to Gladiators at Capua," given in an exceptionally clear, emphatic manner by Mr. Hunt—the outstanding speaker of the evening. The contest closed with Pauline Johnson's poem called "Ojistoh" by Mr. Rackstraw, who appeared in a gorgeous Indian costume.

While the judges, Dr. Harrison, Mr. Quayle and the Rev. Mr. Muller were deciding the winners, the gathering was favoured with a song by Miss McDearmid and a piano solo by Miss Mackay.

After fifteen minutes consultation the judges returned and Dr. Harrison came to the platform. After a few preliminary remarks he announced that the unanimous decision of the judges had been as follows:—In the women's contest, 1st Miss Muller, 2nd. Miss Nichol.

In the men's contest:—1st. Mr. Hunt, 2nd. Mr. Rackstraw, 3rd. Mr. Ste. Marie.

MACDONALD COLLEGE SONG BOOK

The publication of a Macdonald Book of songs and yells has fulfilled an outstanding need in the life of the College. In previous years our musical gatherings have been obliged to use the "McGill Song Book" which, excellent though it is, possesses serious disadvantages to us both in its price and in the large proportion of its contents which is of interest only to the

individual faculties of our University.

While the lack of a suitable book of songs has long been felt at Macdonald, it was not until last year that the Students' Council finally took the matter in hand and appointed a compilation committee. We understand therefore that the Song Book should be available at or about the same time as this present issue of the magazine, and it is to be hoped that students lose no time in securing their copies.



The Social Activities Committee

DIARY OF A THANKSGIVING EXILE

Friday: Sat in window in early afternoon to watch the girls file by. At supper counted female noses—just a score less one in evidence. Had a jolly party in the evening. All the girls present and five extra boys including Paul. Had a grand time.

Saturday: Got up in time for breakfast. All out except "Dick." Worked a little during the morning. Initiated into the mysteries of "Black Jack" by Joe in the afternoon. He won—the others lost. C. O. T. C. out in force for tea. Peculiar looking bunch—all colours with ill-fitting uniforms. They made a mess of the McGil Yell. We showed them how to give it. Some ball in the evening! Lively girls from the village present. Real refreshments furnished by Miss Clarke. Said good-night in a shower of pillows. All the fellows voted the event a howling success. Walked across the oval on the way home and cheated the House Committee out of fifty cents.

Sunday: Late for breakfast so went to Mrs. Wright's. Quiet day. "Lively" biscuits for supper. "Bob" went to church in the evening but not alone. Sing Song after. Atmosphere of Praise and Worship. Men came home singing "It ain't gonna to rain no more." Wrote home and went to bed early (11:30). Some life!

Monday: Late for breakfast. Tried to study during forenoon. Most of the men off to town to welcome the wanderers back. Played "Black Jack" again with Joe from one until three. I lost. Took seat near the window to watch girls return. Supper time—exile over and work begins again. Such is life!

CERCLE FRANCAIS

On me demande de vous raconter ce qui s'est passé à la dernière assemblée du Cercle Français. Ce n'est-qu'après une

très longue hésitation et croyant que mes excuses et arguments n'avaient **pas plus** d'effets sur le directeur du magazine que l'eau sur le dos d'un canard, que je me décidai. Vous donner le compte rendu de la dernière séance est chose facile, mais le donner de manière à ce qu'il soit accepté par tous les membres, n'est pas tout aussi facile. Je fais appel à votre indulgence; ne me jugez pas trop sévèrement.

Jeudi soir le 6 novembre, les membres du cercle français se réunissaient dans la chambre 207, pour la première séance de l'année. La salle, passablement grande, était comble vers sept heures. Tout s'annonçait bien pour une bonne soirée **amusante**. Miss Russell rehaussait de sa présence, l'importance de cette réunion.

Le président nous exposa brièvement et très clairement, le programme à suivre durant l'année. Du chant, des declamations, des dialogues et des conférences devront être les principales occupations des membres. Ces dernières seront données par des orateurs distingués qui ont bien voulu prêter leur concours.

Ce programme très simple semble-t-il mais bien chargé dans son déroulement fut mis à exécution immédiatement après le petit discours du président. Tous en chœur les membres s'unirent pour chanter O Canada suivi de l'Alouette qui se fait plumer de la tête aux pattes. Il paraît que la pauvre petite bête était dans un état piteux pour le marché.

Vint ensuite la lecture du rapport des élections du cercle dont voici les membres dirigeants:

Président honoraire—Miss Brownrigg.

Président—Miss Belleisle.

Vice-Président—Miss Lemoyne.

Secrétaire trésorier—Miss Lapointe.

Conseillers—Miss Lewthwaite, Mr. Ford.

Le secrétaire nous fit aussi la lecture des constitutions du cercle qui fut suivie

des paroles de bienvenue et d'encouragement de Miss Brownrigg.

Monsieur C. E. Ste-Marie fit rire l'auditoire avec deux des plus vieilles chansons canadiennes, qu'il a eu l'amabilité de nous chanter. La première intitulée. "Bal chez Boulé" ou le bon fermier s'en va au bal avec sa femme. Rendus chez Boulé on le met dehors parce qu'il ne sait pas danser et on garde sa femme autour de laquelle tous les garçons s'empressent. Dans sa deuxième chanson "Dans les prisons de Nantes" le chanteur a une très bonne mimique surtout lorsqu'il imite la voix de la fille du goélier qui pleure l'infortuné prisonnier. Monsieur Ste-Marie reprit sa place au milieu d'applaudissements prolongés.

Mais l'événement principal n'était pas encore passé. Monsieur Ford fut l'étoile de la soirée sur qui se fixèrent tous les yeux. Il joua le rôle principal dans "Initiation d'un aspirant" au cercle français, petite comédie très fine et très spirituelle. Le membre en question est soumis à un interrogatoire très sévère auquel sut très bien répondre Mr. Ford. En plus il devait imiter le cri de certains animaux qui lui suggérait la foule, ce qu'il fit très adroitement. Il répondit aux devinettes et charades énigmatiques qu'on aimait à lui poser. Après avoir donné satisfaction, l'aspirant est admis au nombre des membres du cercle.

Cette petite pièce fut très bien réussie et je crois exprimer le désir de tous en demandant que de semblables dialogues se répètent aux réunions à venir. C'est au milieu de rires et d'applaudissements frenétiques que M. Ford vint rejoindre ses confrères.

Les chants: "O Canada," "La Marseillaise." "Il était une bergère" retentirent partout dans l'edifice principal, preuve que tous savent ces chants et prennent grand plaisir à les chanter.

La soirée se termina par le chant de notre Hymne National et tous, garçons et filles s'en retournèrent chacun chez soi le cœur content et résolu de revenir encore à cette heure récréative donnée par le cercle français.

Cette soirée, tout étant bien considéré, fut une des mieux réussies jusqu'ici. Espérons que dès maintenant tous ceux qui aiment à entendre le doux parler de France se donneront la main pour faire de ces veillées, des moments sinon les plus heureux du moins les plus gais de notre vie au Macdonald. J'admets que pour certains d'entre nous, le langage puisse paraître difficile. A ceux-là je dirai: "Courage mon ami," où si vous désirez, "mon amie," Rome ne s'est pas construite dans un jour; venez me trouver, et nous causerons tous deux.

Encore une fois, ensemble rendons-nous au cercle français. Si vous désirez parler français, là nous le parlerons.

LITERARY SOCIETY

At the first general meeting of the student body which was held early in the present college year the re-organization of the Literary and Debating Society was completed. Dr. Brunt and Mr. Hodgins were elected Hon. President and Hon. Vice-President respectively, Miss Foster first Vice, Miss Honey, second Vice-President; and at a subsequent meeting Mr. R. D. Walker was re-elected secretary *vice* Mr. Brooks Hamilton, resigned.

At the first meeting of the executive the dates of the various events for the year were decided. They were as follows:

Elocutionary Contest—Oct. 21.

Freshman-Sophomore Debate—Nov. 14.

Junior-Senior Debate—Nov. 28.

Story Writing Contest (closing date)
—Dec. 10.

Public Speaking Contest—Jan. 16.

Robertson Shield Debate—Feb. 27.

Teacher-Science Debate—Mar. 20.

At the time of writing it would appear that on account of unforeseen circumstances there will be some modifications of the above schedule. Readers of this magazine should therefore compare these dates with those posted on the notice boards, and correct them, if necessary.

In addition to these scheduled events the executive is also planning to put on some one-act plays. Although rehearsals are now going on merrily no promise is even implied that they will be presented. We hope, however, not to fail to accomplish our aim. The question "when?" cannot now be answered.

We cannot let slip the opportunity for

urging upon members the necessity of "doing their bit." No society can prosper as it should if its members are apathetic. The aim of the "Lit" is "to develop the literary and public speaking talents of its members." It should be plain to all, that these as well as other talents cannot be developed unless individuals take active part in the activities of the Society. No amount of listening to speeches will make a public speaker, nor will reading, unaided, make a story-writer. If, therefore, our members are to derive the greater benefit, they must *do*, they must *speak*, they must *write*. It is the hope of the executive that this will be a most successful year. Reader, do your part to make it so!

Herbert R. Angell, Pres.



Fall Short Course in Household Science

MACDONALD COLLEGE STUDENTS' CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the Student Body held shortly after the re-opening of the College, the executive of the Students' Christian Association was completed as follows:—

Honorary President, Mrs. F. C. Harrison
Honorary Vice-President — Rev. N. McLeod.

President—H. Hill

First Vice President—Miss Ruth Rorke

Second Vice President—Miss M. Forbes

Secretary-Treasurer—H. P. Rowell

The following Class Representatives have since been elected:

School of Household Science

Senior Administrators—Miss Knapp.

Junior Administrators—Miss Linkletter

School for Teachers —T. Saunders.

Faculty of Agriculture

Fourth Year—F. S. Ward.

Third Year—R. J. Bell

Second Year—R. K. Bennet, G. A. Shaw

First Year—J. West.

Besides the Annual Reception, a report of which will be found in another column, the S. C. A. has already held a number of singsongs in the gymnasium of the Women's Residence. The Association also intends to secure the services of a number of well-known preachers and lecturers who will address the Students from time to time during the session. The loyal support of all students is requested in order to give this very deserving association a successful year.

HOME ECONOMICS CLUB

On Tuesday, October 4th, a meeting was called by the President of the Home Economics Club which was attended by all the students taking Household Science courses.

Miss Honey, president of the club, took the chair and after reading the Constitution made an appeal that all the students join whole-heartedly in giving the club their best support for the coming year.

Elections for the various offices were made as follows—

Honorary President—Miss B. Philp.

Hon. Vice-President—Miss Hayward.

Vice-President—Miss Adams

Secretary—Miss E. Beard.

Treasurer—Miss F. Humphrey.

Representatives from the Short Course
 Miss Evelyn Hamilton.

Homemakers—Miss Millie Hibbard.

Junior Administrators — Miss Marion Lange.

An excellent program for the year was drawn up at a meeting held on Friday, October 16th and it is anticipated that the club will have a most successful year.

The Home Economics Club held their second meeting on Tuesday, Nov. 7.

With the reading of the minutes we were pleased to hear that an interesting number of lectures had been arranged.

After Miss Philp had given a short address welcoming the new students. Miss Hayward — the speaker of the evening—gave an illuminating address on the different lines of work open to the graduates in Home Economics. After this address the members felt that they could go home for the holiday prepared at last to answer that oft-repeated question 'What will you be able to do when you finish that course?'

Schemes to provide Christmas cheer to the poor of Montreal were also discussed and the meeting closed with the election of a committee to arrange for the new work proposed. Under the direction of this committee the entire club are looking forward to having a very busy time.

SENIORS' TRIP TO MONTREAL HARBOUR

On Thursday, Nov. 6, the Senior Year of the Faculty of Agriculture and some students of the Faculty of Commerce had the pleasure of being shown over the Montreal Harbour by a representative of the Harbour Commissioners.

Seated comfortably in the stern of the Commissioner's yacht, the "Bethelma" we steamed leisurely down the harbour as far as the Vicker's Shipbuilding plant. As we passed along we were shown some of the features that make Montreal Harbor one of the best and most efficient in the world. We saw lake boats unloading their cargoes of grain into the elevators, and were told that their seventy-to eighty-thousand bushel cargoes were unloaded by an endless chain system of buckets in five minutes. Tramp steamers from Europe

with a capacity of 250,000 to 300,000 bushels were loaded by endless belts at the rate of 75,000 bushels per hour. The cold-storage plant, the wharf sheds, the memorial clock, the Vicker's shipbuilding plant all in turn claimed our attention. At the latter place we saw on the dry dock an ocean-liner undergoing repairs. This dock is large enough to accommodate the largest vessel in the British Navy.

At the Vicker's works the "Bethelma" turned, and began speeding back against the current of six miles per hour, we were now free to inspect the vessel on which we were being entertained. Below the decks we saw most comfortable chairs, and other appointments that made us wish that we could have gone on an extended tour on her.

However, at 4:20 p. m. we were again beside the pier after a most instructive and enjoyable tour of Montreal Harbour.



Flirtation Bay

Class Reorganizations

THE MCGILL AGRICULTURAL GRADUATE CLUB.

The first meeting of the club for the year was held on Thursday evening, October 23rd, Dr. Dickson occupying the chair. After a brief introductory address from the chairman the election of officers took place. An executive committee consisting of Dr. Harrison, one member of the faculty to be appointed by him, and Mr. J. G. Davidson, was appointed. E. L. Eaton was elected secretary for the fall term and K. Harrison chairman of the next meeting.

Dr. Harrison was introduced as the speaker of the evening. His pleasing address was followed by cards, refreshments and music, the gathering finally breaking up after a rousing sing-song.

THE POST-GRADUATE CLASS.

The present year sees another large post-graduate class at the college. As a result of the founding of the ten W. C. Macdonald Inc. scholarships, every Province of the Dominion is represented. In addition two scholarships from the Quebec government, the Milton Hersey scholarship, the Chilean Nitrate Committee fellowships and the Dominion Research fellowship still further swell the attendance. At the present writing twenty students are registered and five more are expected later in the year.

The class executive consist of the following:—

Hon. Pres.—Dr. F. C. Harrison.

Hon. Vice.—Dr. B. T. Dickson

Pres.—G. A. Scott.

Vice.—A. Zoond.

Sec. Treas.—W. L. Gordon.

REORGANIZATION OF CLASS '25.

When Class '25 rounded the curve for the final lap of its undergraduate career we found our numbers augmented by three new members. Two of whom were attracted by the excellence of Macdonald's Horticultural Department and the third to continue in the Cereal Option.

Immediately upon entering, the class renewed its determination of making this, its final year at Good Old Macdonald, an outstanding one from every point of view.

Already its efforts are bearing fruit and the ideal which Agr. '25 has sponsored continually since its Freshman year, and which its members have furthered already this session by their showing on the rugby field, on the platform and in the social life of the College, namely that of subjugating class spirit for a real college spirit, has played a large part in effecting an *esprit de corps* among the student body which has not been surpassed in recent years.

The officers for this, our final year are:

Hon. Pres., Prof. Lochhead; Hon. Vice Pres., L. C. Raymond, Pres., George Hunt. Vice Pres., Homer Cooke; Sec. Treasurer, W. C. Tully.

REORGANIZATION OF CLASS '26.

"Juniors oft in doubtful wonder,
Puzzling where they ought to know,
Scowled like clouds of blackest thunder,
Felt as blue as indigo."

Realizing that the time-worn expression "The third year is the hardest" is true, Class '26 returned to "Mac" with a renewed determination to make a place in all the endeavors of community life.

Three of our original stalwarts found it impossible to continue their course this session. Their places on the class register have been taken by Walford, formerly of Class '25, Massue, an embryonic scientist from Oka, and Cossmann and Bell from N. S. A. C. The latter two, we hope, are the fore-runners of still larger numbers from the "Province by the Sea."

A strong university and college spirit plus a wholesome class spirit pervades the entire year and gives promise that Agr. '26 will do its duty for Macdonald and McGill.

The officers for the year are as follows:

Hon. President—Prof. Summerby.

Hon. Vice-President—Mr. S. R. N. Hodgins.

President:—S. W. Hetherington.

Vice-President:—R. F. V. Cooper.

Secretary:—L. J. Cooke.

Treasurer:—W. Levine.

RE-ORGANIZATION OF CLASS '27

When "fall in" sounded on September 21 it was found that all the old members of the year had returned and with them they had brought a new recruit.

Even yet their strength does not lie in numbers. But by working together they expect to accomplish feats which are inversely proportional to their magnitude.

At a meeting of the class the following officers were elected.

Hon. Pres.—Prof. Bunting.

Hon. Vice-Pres.—Mr. Quayle.

President Arthur Hicks

Sec'y. Treas. Hamilton Marshall.

ORGANIZATION OF CLASS '28

Although the Freshman Class of 1924 is slightly more numerous than usual, the quality is in no way lessened on that account.

Some of our members have already distinguished themselves, both on the Sports Field and Public Platform and still more attempts and, we hope, achievements are to be expected in the future. Many nationalities are represented in our class, including England, Canada, Scotland, Barbadoes, the United States, Egypt and Russia. It is to be hoped that we all profit by such an excellent opportunity of studying the viewpoints and characteristics of our classmates and finding out how things are done in the various parts of the world. The following officers have been elected:

Hon. President — Mr. S. R. N. Hodgins.

Hon. Vice-President—Mr. Tawse.

President—George Tait.

Vice President—E. Paige

Sec. Treasurer— V. Dawson.

WINTER COURSE ORGANIZATION

The Winter Course have appointed the following Class officers.

President—F. Harvey.

Secretary Treasurer—F. F. Bruce.

JUNIOR SCIENCE

RE-ORGANIZATION

The abolition of their ancient prerogative of Initiation has not prevented the B. H. S. and Senior Administrator Classes from developing a spirit in keeping with their responsibilities. They are, moreover, determined to give their unqualified support to all, whether staff or student, who stand for the real good of Macdonald.

The following class officers have been elected:

B. H. S. Fourth Year

President—Miss Jean McCrimmon.

Secretary—Miss G. L. Mackinnon.

Senior Administrators

President—Miss A. M. Argue

Secretary—Miss E. E. Major.

INSTITUTIONAL ADMINISTRATORS '26.

College Spirit! Do we all realize what it really means? Too often, we think that wearing our colors conspicuously, boasting loudly and giving the "yell" at all times, that this is the wonderful thing called college spirit—No! it is the student who is ready to give his utmost in not only the big things but even the little things, who isn't afraid to forget his own feelings and give in just because it's his college that's asking and is always ready to help the other fellow, *this* is College spirit!

So let us begin right in our own class—Let us all be friends on the same level, not just pick a few and form those hateful things known as "cliques."—Let us support our officers, do our duties cheerfully, help one another—in all let us work and play as one student body, then perhaps we may grasp the meaning of that which every college is founded upon—College Spirit!!—

President—Miss Carmel Foley.

Secretary—Miss Agnes Treston.

THE TEACHERS ORGANIZE

The students of the Intermediate and Elementary classes this year number about one hundred and ninety. We are glad to say that the number of men students taking the Teacher's Course is

greater than it has ever been in past years, there being fifteen men in the Intermediate Class.

Judging from present appearances, the 'Teachers' of this year are not going to fall below the standard which has been set for them to live up to by their predecessors and it is the hope and aim of all to make this year at "Mac" a record one in the history of the School for Teachers, not only by the success to be gained as students, but also by showing good sportsmanship and true friendliness toward our fellow students during our year here at old "Mac."

The officers of the Classes and Sections in the School for Teachers for this coming year are as follows:—

Intermediate Class:

President—Mr. F. Fyles.

Secretary—Mr. D. Munro.

Section A

President—Miss J. Davison.

Secretary—Miss E. Candlish.

Section B

President—Miss M. Muller.

Secretary—Miss A. Johannson.

Section C

President—Miss M. Van Vliet.

Secretary—Miss D. Scott.

Elementary Class

President—Miss W. Ascah

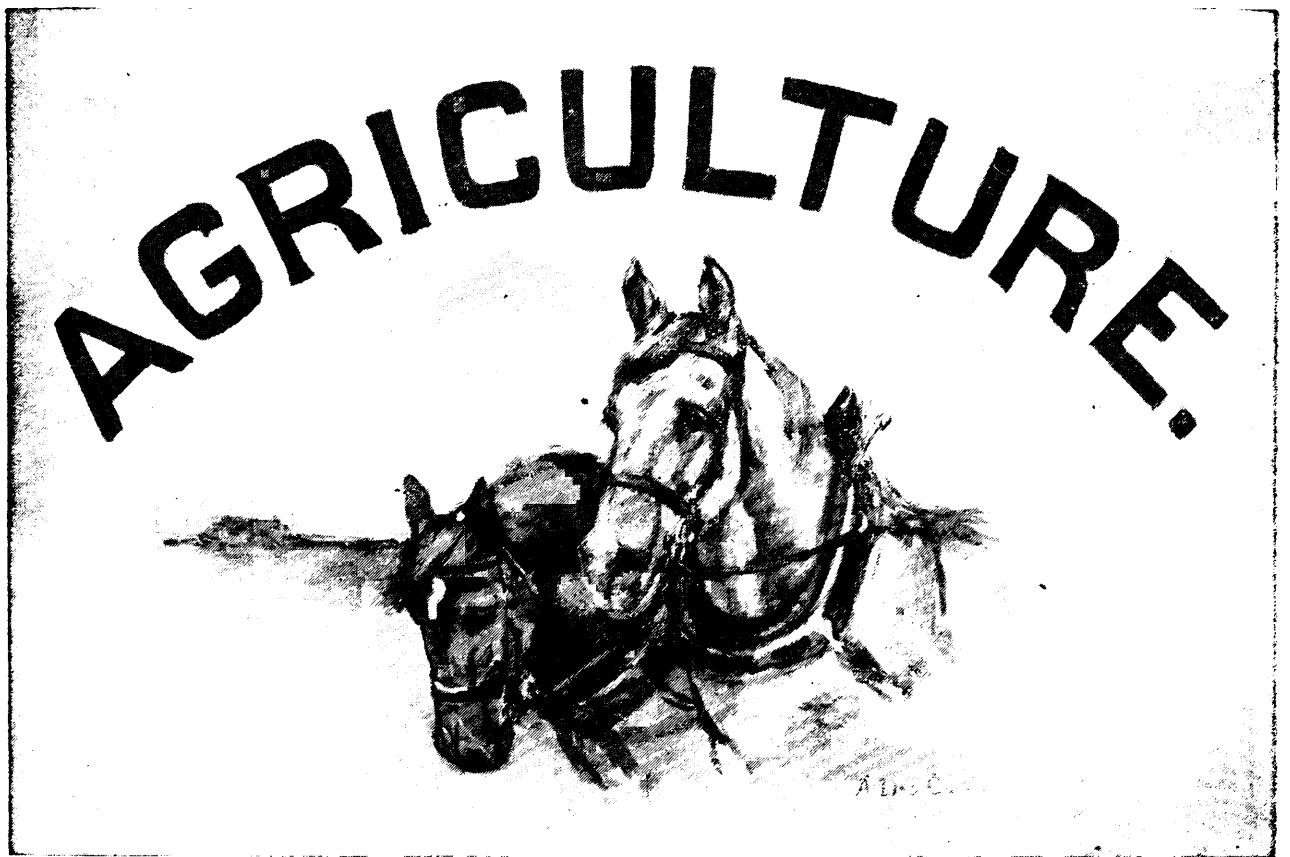
Secretary—Miss H. Jersey.

E. L. Candlish.



Are you going to spend your life saying *ought* like the rest of our moralists?
Turn your oughts into shalls man!

G. Bernard Shaw



The Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station

(Edward K. Williams)

At the top of "Lovers' Lane," not far from the campus of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, is situated a farm of about seventy-five acres. It is a home of an excellent flock of Rhode Island Red hens, brought to their present state of perfection by Dr. H. D. Goodale.

The equipment consists of four 30 ft. x 30 ft. houses in each of which there are 250 laying birds and two long houses which are divided into pens 15 x 6 ft. and are used to house the breeding flock. Each 30 ft. x 30 ft. contains 60 trap nests and a convenient board upon which the daily egg record sheets are kept. In trap nesting the greatest convenience is offered the attendant, and other features of these houses are arranged purely for facilitating the collection of mature stock.

Others who may have to data on the experimental breeding work at the station.

Apart from the small amount of land which these houses and their yards occupy the main farm is divided into four ranges. These are each used for one year for the rearing of the chicks and are adequately cultivated for the remaining three years of the rotation. In this way it has been possible to keep the flock almost entirely free from poultry diseases and parasitic infection of every kind. In addition to the above precautions a strict quarantine is maintained upon the entire poultry plant at all times. This includes the employment of a man whose sole duty it is to care for the baby chicks and who, under no circumstances, is allowed near the

work near the young stock must wear special clothing and must disinfect their feet upon entering the growing range. Similar precautions apply to the main flock. As additional control, all birds that may become sick are immediately removed from the flock and if the illness is fatal are examined by the college veterinary department. Several Massachusetts poultry men are following this system with apparent success.

Every fall, after the pullets are selected, weighed, and put into permanent laying quarters for the winter, all of which have been thoroughly scrubbed and disinfected, the houses in which the stock was raised are hauled to a central point, where an abundant supply of water is available, and are thoroughly scrubbed out, washed, and disinfected. During the winter these houses are hauled to their locations on the new range. In the spring, before the chicks are put into them the colony houses are again disinfected and provided with litter and utensils which have been similarly treated.

The feeding of the chicks is a very carefully conducted operation. They do not have anything for forty-eight hours after hatching and then they are given small quantities of food six times a day, gradually changing to fewer times, until at eight weeks they are entirely hopper fed. They are made to go outdoors as soon as possible and are allowed as much green food in the form of clover and grass as they care to consume, the range itself providing this supply. Semi-solid buttermilk is given until they are six weeks old, supplied fresh daily in quantities as great as they will clean up quickly. When they are self fed their ration consists of cracked corn fed in one hopper and a mash containing 300 parts bran, 100 cornmeal, 400 ground oats, 100 middlings, 100 meat scraps,

and 25 bone meal, all parts by weight, in other hoppers. Last summer an average weight of half a pound per bird was attained when they were twenty-eight days old, and at 150 days the older half of the flock averaged four and one quarter pounds, several individuals weighing over eight pounds on the day that they laid their first egg. About 2,300 chicks were raised during the past season.

The ration received by the laying hens consists of two parts cracked corn, one part oats, and one part wheat as scratch feed, given at night so that enough will remain on the floor to be cleaned up before ten o'clock the following morning. In addition to this a mash consisting of equal parts by weight of bran, middlings, cornmeal, meat scrap, and ground oats is before the birds at all times in hoppers. Green food is supplied daily—cabbage in the fall, mangels in winter, sprouted oats in spring, and a well seeded range supplemented by green freshly cut clover in summer. Rape is also used. This system has been in use since the work started over ten years ago and is strictly adhered to in order that there will be no cause for affecting the breeding results from that direction.

The incubation is very carefully controlled and has been done by the same operator for six years. He follows detailed, carefully written instructions and all external factors possible are under his control. The hatching results at the station are gratifying for their uniformly high average.

The main objects of the station are to secure high constitutional vigour as a flock characteristic and to use it as a means of obtaining uniformly high egg production. The former is judged by rapid body maturity and closely associated with the age and weight of the pullet when she lays her first egg. The male

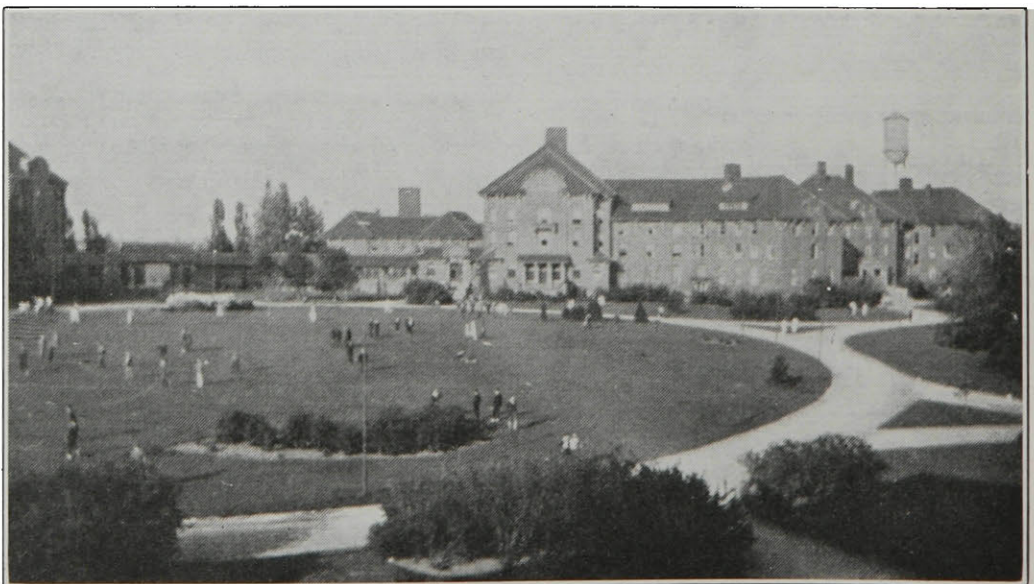
birds are also carefully observed. Incidentally, the study is being made upon a strict genetic basis. This, as the reader will infer, means the maintaining of as complete family lines as possible and the collection of all data on a family basis. Accurate records are made concerning all work done. Line breeding has been carefully and consistently carried on for many years, along with a few inbreeding experiments designed to intensify certain desirable characteristics.

One pen of 150 birds, all of high producing family lines, in the year 1922-1923 produced an average of 212 eggs each, eighty of these birds laid over 220 and one as high as 273 eggs. The latter eighty birds, with some others, were used during the breeding season of 1924.

Before the breeding season all birds are selected for individual excellence in physique, type, and production; as well as egg weight; shape and shell texture. Fertility, hatchability, and livability of the chicks being by no means secondary consideration.

Two years ago a male bird of high standard color and type, with very good family connections was introduced with the idea of transmitting those desirable characteristics to the flock. He has left some very typical progeny.

Ten months' work on this poultry plant with the opportunity to observe and take part in most of the operations above described have greatly profited the writer. It is also worthy of note that the work is carried on in a very economical manner.



The Garden of Canada

BY J. AMIS HEMPSON, '25

The Garden of Canada is situated forty miles south of Toronto, along the south shore of Lake Ontario. It stretches from the city of Hamilton to the Niagara River—and a steep hill slope to a table-land bounds its south side. In this way it is about sixty miles long, and varies in breadth from two to twenty miles.

Travelling through it, one enjoys the sylvan beauty of the hill slope to the south: one finds pleasure in watching the neat, straight rows of fruit trees and vines and bushes as he passes, and occasional glimpses of Lake Ontario to the North add to one's pleasure. And if good fortune brings the traveller through during the blossom season, when acre after acre is dressed in a wealth of red, and pink, and white blossoms,—if he sees this dense and wonderful mingling of blossom colouring silhouetted against the varied greens of the hill on one side, and on the other against the deep blue of the sky and the deeper blue of the great lake,—when he has seen the plentiful and comfortable houses nestling among the blossoms—then he must inevitably wonder if in all the world there is a more lovely tract of country for a home.

The traveller's impression might easily be that it was a life of lazy luxury; that Nature does everything but pick and market the fruit. It has come as an unpleasant surprise to many people, who have bought fruit farms in the Garden, that this impression is emphatically erroneous. Farming of any kind in Canada entails hard work—and fruit farming is no exception.

The orchards consist of peach, pear, plum, apple and cherry trees. Raspberries, strawberries, currants and goose-

berries are grown in enormous quantities. Tomatoes are the chief vegetable while all varieties of vegetables which thrive elsewhere in Canada can be grown for market in the Garden, as also can cucumbers, sweet corn and melons.

The type of soil varies from rich sandy loam to heavy clay: and its texture largely controls the strenuousness of a grower's work. The light land can easily be worked with one horse: The heavy land cannot. If the heavy land is not worked with caution it forms intractable cement rubble which defies all attempt at forming a seed bed or a mulch. But if it is worked with judgment it is retentive and very profitable.

The farms vary in size from five to fifty acres and to make them pay requires work; hard, steady, concentrated work; work from 7 a. m. till 6 p. m., with one hour off from 12 noon till 1 p. m.: and the horses and cow or cows must be tended before 7 a. m. and after 6 p. m. For 10 hours a day and chores is the rule in this Garden of Canada—and successfully to compete with one's neighbour one must work as hard as he does.

One may ask how can so small an acreage occupy so much time. The question is but too easy for the fruit farmer to answer: ill weeds grow apace on rich land: every kind of fruit tree has its own peculiar pest: small fruits are all too slowly harvested: cultivating, spraying, picking and pruning are weighty operations on a paying farm—assuredly the days are short from sunrise to sunset—assuredly there is always a great deal of work to do.

But this work of horticulture is less

strenuous than agriculture. Anyone would prefer picking cherries to pitching hay. Also it is much more easily learnt, for trees are more easily cared for than cows or pigs. For these reasons it is far better suited to the powers of the man, who, though not a farmer born and bred, decides to farm. But before he makes the decision, he must be ready and willing to learn, and willing to work.

Fortunes are not made at fruit farming; but, since the rise in prices paid for fruits, good incomes are.

The recreations in the Garden of Canada are principally the joys of the Lake shore, and the exchange of visits with neighbors, since both are always within easy access.

A luxurious country club in the middle

of the district supplies golf, tennis and winter festivities and sports in return for the usual yearly subscription. A lake-side resort nearby offers relaxation and conviviality to those who wish to make a more moderate outlay.

So it is not a district of loneliness or monotony.

It is a district where rich land opens up a path by which a man of sound sense and energy can free himself from the worry of the high cost of living, it is a district where a man can without difficulty maintain vigorous health: to the appreciative of beauty it can be a pleasure garden—but to succeed financially in the garden a man must have determination, sound judgment, and all a man's good power of physical endurance.



Morgan's Woods



“As You Like It”

BY N. HOLMES

The week of September 21st brought to Montreal Robert Mantell in a group of Shakespearian plays.

Of course we were all interested and consequently, when Dr. Brunt asked the “Teachers,” how many would like to go out the city to see “As You Like It” considerable excitement was aroused.

Dr. Brunt gained permission for us to leave on the noon train and he also kindly arranged for our seats in the theatre.

The play fulfilled all our expectations. We are sure that Shakespeare would have approved of his own characters. He would have said to Miss Hamper, ‘This is Rosalind,’ and to the others, ‘This is certainly Jacques, and this, Touchstone. Genevieve Hamper as Rosalind, was tall and lovely and she acted her graceful, bewitching way right into our hearts. Touchstone stepped from his creator’s pen and entertained quite merrily. The “Seven Ages of Man,” by Mr. Mantell as Jacques is something to remember.

When the curtain went up for the Sec-

ond Act, we entered the forest of Arden, a wonderland that lies ‘east o’ the sun and west o’ the moon,’ where Rosalind and Touchstone and all the whimsical company were really at home, for ‘only in Arden could such things happen and such people rightly, truly be.’

There were more—the dainty captivating Rosalind, witty, teasing and whimsical as only Rosalind could be. The fair and friendly Celia, and Touchstone, a motley fool, a worthy fool,’ who railed on fortune, ‘in good terms, though yet a motley fool.’ He it was who later decided that, the forehead of a married man is more honorable than the bare brow of a bachelor,” and not being ‘of a fearful heart’ chose to wed Audrey, ‘a poor ill-favoured thing, but mine own.’

The moralizing, philosophizing, melancholy Jacques, who thought on **all** things deeply and who envied Touchstone with his motley coat, and would he were a fool, with leave to speak his mind ‘**and** cleanse the foul body of the infected.

world,' the faithful Adam, the jolly followers of the exiled Duke and their carefree master. All were there in Arden, the forest of Arden, where "love-shaked Orlando made books of trees to show the worth of Rosalind, and the very changeable Oliver falls out of sudden anger and into sudden love with amazing suddenness.

As Rosalind made the curtesy and bade us farewell, we came suddenly back to earth and the realization that trains formed an important part of our everyday life

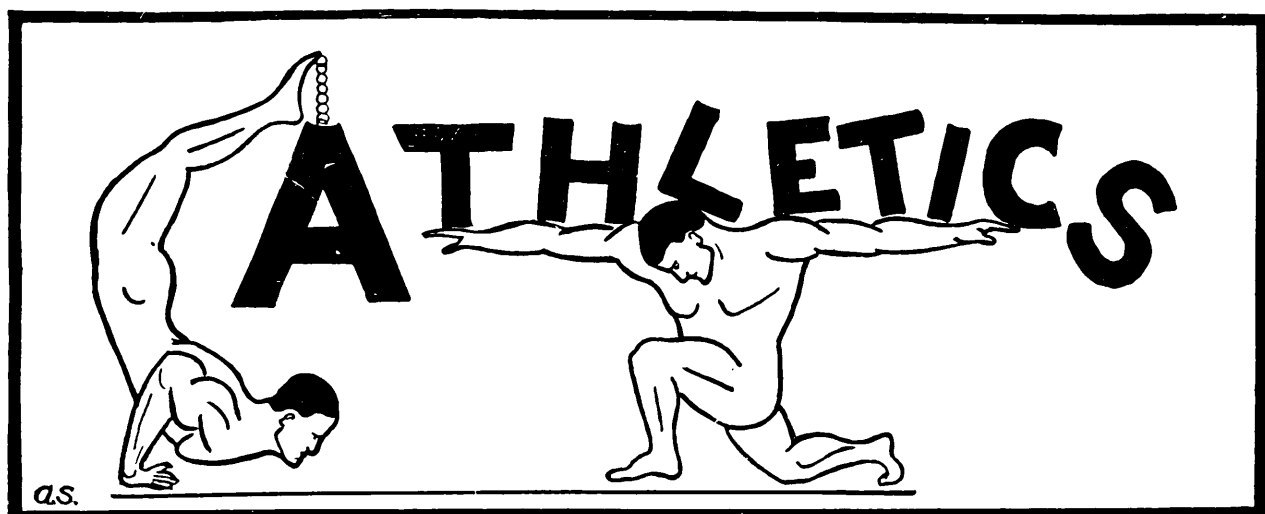
and that "certain" of them it were most wise to catch.

Our excursion was indeed a treat. For too many of us, although quite familiar with some of the better plays and operas as they are read, have never had the opportunity of seeing them actually presented on the stage. We feel very grateful to Dr. Brunt for the interest which prompted him to give us such an opportunity, and to the Staff for excusing us from lectures.



Elementary Teachers — Autumn Class





Rugby

It is with no small degree of optimism that we regard the prospects of our athletic year. An increased number of students, including very promising material has provided us with much needed reinforcements for our rugby squad. That our optimistic view is not misplaced has already been demonstrated by the showing our rugby team has made in the games already played.

Three, of the four games played have been Macdonald victories. We count this as something of an achievement, for in the last four seasons we have not once gained the laurels of victory in this form of sport.

The season was initiated by an exhibition game with Montreal High School. Our team had been in the field but a week and evidenced a sad lack of snap and smartness in their play. It is not surprising that they went down to defeat by lighter but smoother working opponents. The game ended in a very close score of 6-5 in favor of Montreal High.

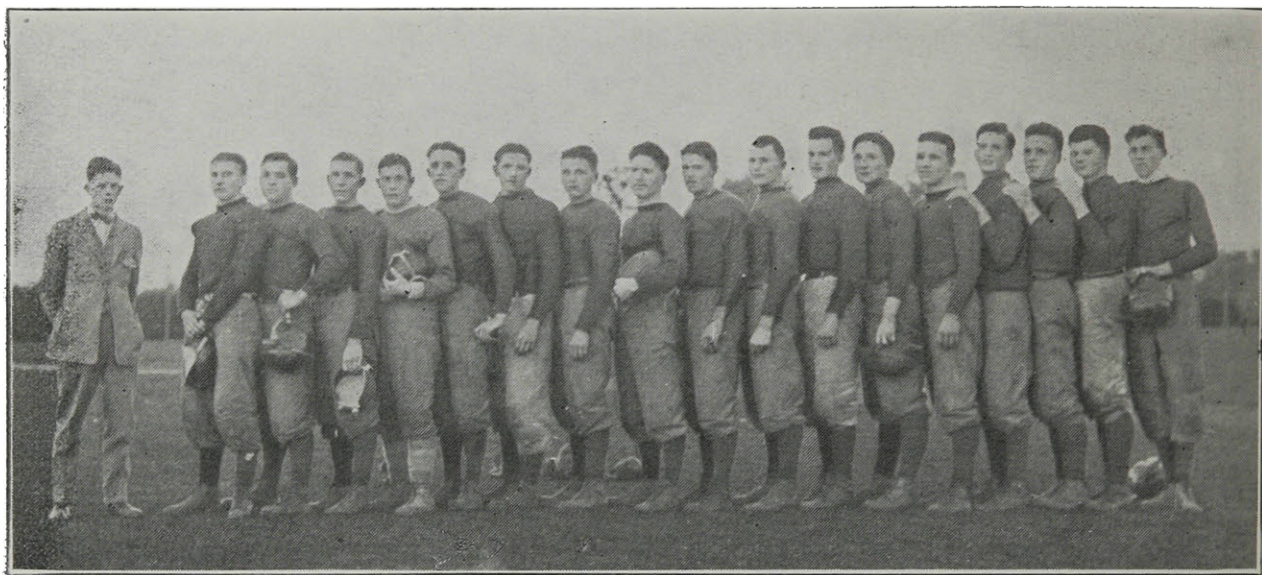
After a week of strenuous practice our line-up again faced a squad on the Macdonald gridiron. Practice had achieved considerable result in eliminating fumbles and in producing a co-ordinating unit. The kicking by Lanthier and the line

plunges by Harrison and Munroe were outstanding features of this Macdonald victory over Arts McGill, resulting in a score of 10 to 2.

Saturday afternoon, October 25th, in a game characterized by loose balls, and clean, fast play. Macdonald chalked up its second victory of the season to the tune of 7-0. The North-End aggregate though seriously handicapped by weight and lack of practice and training, made the local team work for every point they gained, holding them down to two rouges in the second period, and a hard-fought touch-down in the fourth. Buck Clarabut, Earl Robinson, and Geo. Clarke starred for the visitors, while Munro's and Harrison's runs, Joe Lanthier's kicking, and Homer Cooke's tackling were the outstanding features of the home team. The complete Macdonald line-up included—Harrison, Lanthier, Munro, Brigham, H. Cooke, Fegarty, Cooper, Olmstead, Brady, Paige, L. Cooke and Rowell with West, Ward, Bennett, Hicks, and Marshall as spares. We were glad to find among the visitors, Ralph Eaton, T.'24, who played as hard against his old team-mates as he did for them last season.

On Saturday, November 1st, Macdonald won her third consecutive victory by defeating the University of Montreal junior team by a score of 14 to 2. The game was inclined to be open; spectacular

long runs and good kicking featuring the play. This was one of the best games ever played on the Macdonald campus, inducing vociferous support from the Macdonald rooters.



The Rugby Squad

FIELD DAY

Our annual Field Day was not productive of any new records, but keen competition provided a high standard of excellence.

Walker, who recently featured in the three-mile run at McGill tied with Paige for highest individual score. Leslie Cooke who did the 100 yds. in 11 secs. exhibited good form and with training should be capable of considerable improvement.

"Class 26" obtained the highest number of points followed closely by "Class 28." The inter-class relay race was also won by "Class 26." The men teachers were victors in the Tug-of-war contest.

The following are the events and the winners.

100 yds.—1. Cooke 2. W. Walker.

3. F. Alexander. Time 11 sec.

Shot Put—1. D. Monroe. 2. K. Harrison.

3. H. Goldie. Distance, 31 ft., 8 3-8 in.

220 yds.—1. W. Walker. 2. H. Cooke. 3. R. McCunn Time 26 2-5 sec.

Standing Broad Jump—1. E. Paige, 2. D. Monroe. 3. W. Walker. Distance 8 ft. 10 1-4 in.

High Jump—1. E. Paige. 2. C. Owen. 3. Harrison and Pope Tied. Height 4 ft. 9 1-4 in.

880 yds.—1. J. West. 2. J. Moore, 3. W. Walker. Time 1 min., 31 sec.

440 yds.—1. L. Cooke. 2. J. West. 3. G. Tait. Time 1 min., 2 2-5 sec.

Hurdle Race—1. W. Walker. 2. L. Cooke. 3. S. Ward. Time 21 sec.

Pole Vault—1. G. Scott. 2. O. Pope. 3. J. Fleury. Height 8 ft., 1 1-4 in.

Running Broad Jump. 1. K. Harrison. 2. F. Alexander. 3. E. Paige. Distance 15 ft. 7 1-2 in.

Hop Step and Jump—1. E. Paige. 2. K.

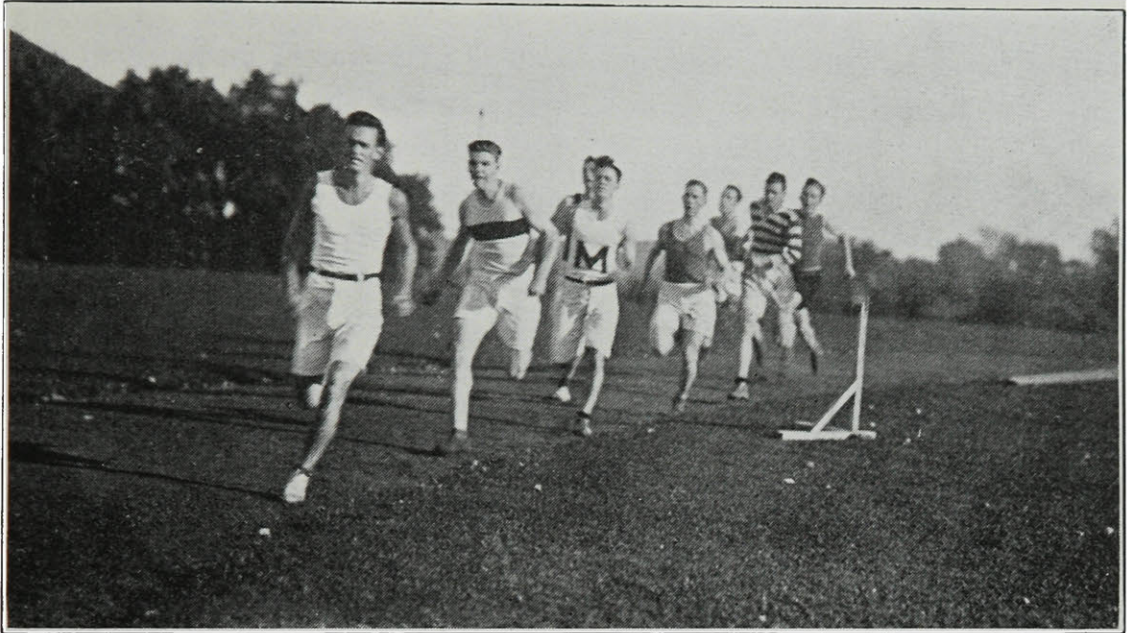
Harrison. 3. W. Walker. Distance 36 ft.
7 1-2 in.

Mile Race—1. E. Paige. 2. J. Moore. 3.

W. Walker. Time 6 min. 47 2-5 sec.

Two Mile Race—1. W. Walker. 2. J.

West. 3. J. Moore. Time—



GIRLS' FIELD DAY.

Ideal weather conditions, excellent management, and a large number of competitors and onlookers, helped to make the annual field day a great success.

The posts of officials for the afternoon, were ably filled by different members of the staff. Miss Heathcote acted as Clerk of the Course. Great praise is due to Miss Lisle Cummings, for her arrangement and planning of the program for the afternoon.

The following girls won their Mac's:—

Faith Gibbon	23 points.
Jessie Hall	19 points.
Rita Behm	15 points.

Three records were broken, and a new record was made as follows:

100 yards dash, 12 1-2 seconds, Faith Gibbon.

Standing broad jump, 6 ft. 9 1-2 in.—Jessie Hall.

Running broad jump, 13 ft. 2 ins.—Jessie Hall.

Hop, step and jump, 28 ft. 8 1-2 in.—Jessie Hall.

The new record was made by Mary Van Vliet, in the base ball throw, 113 ft. being the distance.

Relay race was won by Section A of the School for Teachers—the time being 68 2-3 seconds.

The following is a list of the events of the afternoon:—

I 100 yards dash—First—F. Gibbon.

Second, R. Behm. Third T. Hamilton and J. Johnson, Time, 12 1-2 seconds.

II Standing broad jump—First J. Hall. Second M. Stock, Third, F. Gibbon. Distance 6 ft. 9 1-2 in.

III Wheelbarrow race—First J. Watt and F. Doyle, Second, F. Gibbon and S. Mather, Third, M. Stock and J. Hall.

IV Running broad jump—First F. Gibbon, Second, J. Hall and I. Buck-

land, Third R. Behm, Distance 13 ft. 2 in.

V Hop, Step and Jump—First J. Hall, Second, F. Gibbon, Third J. Watt, Distance 26 ft. 8 1-2 in.

VI Three legged race—First J. Hall and M. Stock, Second, M. Carrier and J. Belle Isle, Third, J. Watt and M. Tweedie.

VIII High Jump—First R. Behm, Second T. Hamilton, Third, I. Shaw. Height, 3 ft. 8 1-2 in.

VIII Baseball Throw—First M. Van Vleit, Second, J. M. Stock, Third, F. Gibbon. Distance 113 ft.

IX 220 yards dash—First, F. Gibbon, Second R. Behm, Third, I. Johnson, Time 33 min.

X Relay Race. Section A. Time—68 2-5 seconds.

One of the most interesting events of the day was the baseball throw won by Mary Van Vliet. She threw an indoor baseball 113 feet breaking the record not only for our college, but also for McGill and Varsity.

The girls wish to take this opportunity of thanking the members of the Staff and others who helped to make our Sports' Day such a successful one.

BASEBALL

Girls vs Boys

The men students have won the first indoor baseball game of the season. On

the evening of November 5th they played against the girl students; they were handicapped by the usual rules of wearing distinguishing ribbons, and using the left hand, which obtain on such occasions.

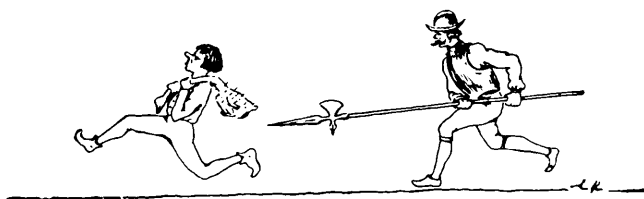
The play was of an unusually high order. It was watched in tense and breathless silence by the whole student body, and interested members of the Faculty. Only at intervals was the silence broken by the spontaneous thunder of class yells: peals of merriment: shouts of encouragement: bursts of applause and the animated hum of approving comment.

Features in the game to be recorded are the very capable umpiring; the final score of 22-17; and the generous good spirit with which the ladies accepted defeat.

It may be noted that Mr. Walker lost his balance and part of his equipment; but was in no way discouraged. Mr. Goldie's red handkerchief lent a touch of kindly color.

"Miss" Lanthier lost no opportunity of stealing bases, and enthusiastically grasped many opportunities which never occurred.

Players of outstanding skill who contributed valuably to the achievements of their team were Miss Belleisle, Miss Buckland, Miss Ewing, Miss Finklestein, Miss Gibbon, Miss Levinson, Miss Mather, Miss Stock, and Miss Van Vleit.

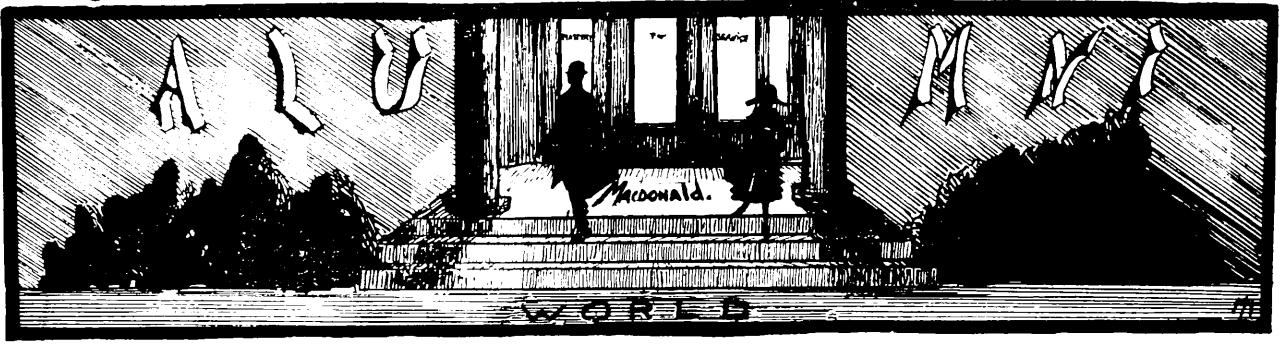




Women's Athletic Executive



Men's Athletic Executive



Macdonald College Agriculture Alumni Association

OUR RETIRING GENERAL SECRETARY

J. Egbert McOuat, Agr. '15--an Appreciation

BY NORRIS HODGINS, Agr. '20.

For many years now it has been the custom of men, when they have achieved success and have somewhat wearied of the turmoil of business or professional life, to retire to some place in the South; John Egbert McOuat (always revolutionary, never of the herd), having waxed fat and prosperous, has retired to Kenogami—a place quite decidedly in the North. By his move he has exchanged the enervating atmosphere of campus life for the ozone of God's Great Out-of-Doors, and has put himself among the Strong Silent Men; but his going has deprived our College community of a pleasant and pulsating personality, and our Alumni secretariat of a man who has made things hum during the five years of his volcanic occupation of office.

Receiving his call to service at the close of the 1919 Re-union, "J. E." as he was known to thousands, had to follow a big man—Professor Robert Summerby, retiring General Secretary. What he lacked in bulk, however, he made up in zeal, stiffness of hair, and indefatigable letter

writing, and never throughout his five year tenure of office did things lag in the Alumni business or the consciences of defaulting members have a moment's peace.

When or how he first arrived at Macdonald no one seems to know. As long as anyone could remember he had been here, either as a student or as a member of the staff. Indeed by the uninformed he was frequently taken for the founder of the college. Whatever other effects this lengthy association with his Alma Mater may have had, it had one that certainly helped make of "J. E." an exceptionally efficient Alumni secretary—it gave him a chance to be personally acquainted with every man that has donned cap and gown at this seat of learning, and Egbert was one to take advantage of all such chances.

This personal touch, together with his tremendous store of nervous energy and his never failing flow of good humored sarcasm made of him an extremely valuable man for a position of this sort. Few

could resist his appeals. When he dunned us for our annual fees he did so with such cheery impudence that it seemed almost a pleasant thing to part with our two-dollar bills. When he cursed the Government, the institution, the neighbors' cats, he did so with such a wealth of weird words and phrases and with such humorous similes withal, that it made one feel that it was a blessing that we had a government, an institution, some neighbors' cats to be cursed.

In his removal to what he speaks of as his "frozen fastness" in the northland to teach the youth of Kenogami, that pulp and paper centre has gained an interesting and energetic citizen, while the College and the Alumni Association have lost a personality that had become an extremely well-known factor in the work and life of each. He was a meticulously careful secretary and a scrupulously honest treasurer, giving unsparingly of his time and talents to the institution that he loved so well. He was above all a man, and we shall not soon see his like again. He was the only visitor to my office who ever brought along his own cigarettes.

The foregoing appreciation of our late General Secretary is heartily endorsed by the present holder of that position, who considered "J. E." as an ideal General Secretary of an alumni association in that his native ability fitted him well for such a position. He possessed the qualities of a good business man, was a good mixer, and was sympathetic, with a well-developed sense of humor, as evidenced specially by his news items in the alumni section of the College magazine.

The present General Secretary is especially desirous of becoming acquainted by letter with all alumni who graduated before his coming to Macdonald in the aut-

umn of 1919, and will be glad to receive letters from all fellow alumni giving news items about themselves and other Macdonald graduates in their vicinity. Should you not feel like writing the General Secretary whom you may not know, then by all means write your Class Secretary and let him know what you are doing. It is his duty to the Alumni Association and to Macdonald to keep himself informed of vital happenings at the College and of matters of general interest about his colleagues, and thus serve as a "sub bureau" of information of the association.

Fellow alumni, you know that the alumni can be one of the greatest sources of strength to any institution, if it gives to the institution its interest and intelligent support. This is best done by each graduate joining the alumni association and making it a vital force in the life of our college.

Our "alumni publication" is confined to three or four pages in the Macdonald College Magazine, and while this serves as a channel for reaching the alumni, it may also be used by the individual alumnus for expressing his views on things concerning his Alma Mater or for saying something to his old colleagues. You are herewith invited to take advantage of this by sending in short articles for publication. Furthermore, the undergraduates would like to feel that they have the experience of old Macdonald men to draw on. Write and tell them the things in student life you consider to be most worth while.

Notes of general interest:

An alumnus of ours read a paper at the Toronto meeting of the British Association in August last. To Dr. E. M. DuPorte falls this honour, and he is the first Macdonald graduate to have the privilege.

J. Sydney Dash, who is now at the Imperial College of Agriculture, Trinidad and Mrs. Dash, spent their vacation in Canada this summer. Mrs. Dash was on a visit to her relations in Montreal. Sydney also represented the Tropical college at the Toronto meeting of the British Association.

L. C. Raymond is to be congratulated for completing his work and receiving his master's degree from Wisconsin this summer. Alex R. Ness also attended the graduate summer school at Cornell in July and August.

Fred H. Grindley, the well-known General Secretary of the C. S. T. A. spent two months' vacation in Great Britain this summer.

The friends of Miss Margaret Newton will be pleased to learn that she now holds the status of full professor at the University of Saskatchewan.

Our association can now boast a dentist among its ranks, for we now have Dr. Campbell Morris, who graduated in Dentistry from McGill this spring, practising at Birks Building, Montreal.

Another graduate who has left the agricultural fold is Frank Chauvin. Frank graduated from McGill this spring as a full-fledged lawyer and is now studying in France. We are assured that both Frank and Campbell will find their agricultural training serves in good stead.

Russ R. Derick is now at the Experimental Farm at Brandon, Man.

G. Fred Hockey is Pathologist-in-charge at the new laboratory at Kentville, N. S.

Sam J. Hetherington who was employed as Markets Specialist in the Saskatchewan Department of Agriculture, is now taking post-graduate work at the University of Wisconsin.

T. Edward McOuat is Agronomist in Pontiac County. His address is Campbell Bay, Que.

The following visited the College recently:

Harold McOuat, Bill Barnett, Walter Jones, Stan Walsh, R. M. C. Fiske from Los Angeles, Cal., Jack Buckland, Dick Hamilton, and C. R. Mitchell, who is employed as Assistant Chemist with the Canada Starch Co. at their works at Cardinal, Ont.

The Alumni Scholarship Committee awarded the 1924-25 scholarship to K. E. Stewart, ('24). Ken specialized in Entomology and Zoology, and, we understand, intends returning after Christmas to begin his graduate studies.

The Alumni Association extends congratulations to:

Mr. L. C. McOuat, '15, on the birth of a daughter Barbara Jean, on October 3rd.

The association also takes great pleasure in announcing the following marriages of its members:

J. Keith Richardson, '21, to Miss Marjorie Hatton, a Macdonald graduate in Household Science.

Eric D. McGreer '22, to Miss Kirby, a Teacher graduate of Macdonald.

D. M. Laurie, '21, to Miss Cowper, also a Teacher graduate of Macdonald.

T. Grant Major, '21, to Miss Ruth Chapman, also a Household Science graduate of Macdonald.

W. H. Armitage '23 to Miss Olga Crosby—another Household Science girl.

W. H. Barnett '21, to Miss McKnight, and C. T. Skinner to Miss Marion Elliott.

Some think that Keith, Eric, Annie,

Grant and Red are carrying college spirit too far! Graduates are asked to inform the General Secretary of their marriages and also of any arrivals of prospective

Macdonald students—Male or female.
Do not forget your annual dues.

T. C. Vanterpool,
General Secretary, M. C. A. A. A.

Agricultural Undergraduates

K. T. Little of Class '26 is at home on his farm in North Hatley. "Buck" distinguished himself by winning numerous prizes in the stock judging competitions at Sherbrooke and Ayr's Cliff. He is sorry that he is unable to be with us this year but intends to continue his course next year.

Jacques Rousseau also of class '26 has graduated in Arts from the University of Ottawa, incidentally he won the gold medal for leading his year in their final examination.—Congratulations, Jake!

Harold Geddes of Class '25 is now working with a manufacturing concern in the State of Maine.

Howard Lamb, W. C. '23, is employed on the staff of the Montreal Weekly Star.

Stan Pierce of year '26 is making a success of the garage business in Montreal.

C. E. Belanger, class '25, has entered the Trappist Brotherhood and at present is stationed at Oka, Que.

Francis James of class '26 has a position on the staff of Gunns Ltd., Toronto. "Simmy" hopes to resume his course in the near future.

"Wee" and "Bud" Humphrey of W. C. '24 are managing an insurance business in Montreal. We understand that "Wee" is covering the Westmount division and Bud the suburbs.

Ed. Walford is engaged in poultry inspection work in Connecticut.

Ian Hay of Agr. '26 is having a good time in Lachute. He is working hard as usual. He plans to return next year to complete his course.

Ernest Johnson of W. C. '24 is at home on his farm in L'Original, Ont. He is as strong an advocate of Jerseys as formerly, and from present indications he seems to be making no small success of them.

H. Wilcox of W. C. '24 is farming in the State of New York. His old classmate Riley is at present working with him.



Science Alumnae

Nearly all the graduates of 1924 are at present taking their six months student dietitian work in one of the Canadian or American Hospitals.

Of the class B. H. S. '24 two are taking hospital training and two are teaching.

Mary Clark is treating epileptics in the Presbyterian Hospital, New York.

Elsie Watt is at the Montreal General.

Dorothy Sangster is teaching Household Science in the New High School, Sherbrooke, Que., and Elaine Dodge is teaching Home Economics in the Mary C. Wheeler School, Providence, Rhode Island.

Mary Archibald, on her way to Detroit, gave us news of her class—the Institutional Administrators.

Helen Munro, Evelyn Pettes and Dorothy Munro are student-dietitians in Rhode Island Hospital.

Marjorie Kerr and Mildred Durant are

taking their training at the Toronto General.

Mildred Goodeve is enjoying life at the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto.

Ruth Cunningham is just leaving for the Toronto General.

Beulah Beamish has gone as far West as the Winnipeg General.

Alice Cattnach is at the Johns Hopkins.

Irene Delahaye did tea-room work this summer and is going into the Toronto General in December.

Elsie Gray has completed her course at the Ottawa General.

Mary Archibald is just commencing her six months at a hospital in Detroit.

Jean Mutch is practising her newly acquired knowledge on her family.

Our visitors so far this year have been Dorothy Sangster, Mary Clark, Ruth Cunningham, Elsie Watt, "Jimmy" Delahaye and Mary Archibald.

Teachers' Alumni

Although the college term is yet young, and we do not know the whereabouts of all our graduates, let us start "with the known, and lead onto the unknown," by announcing the following:—

Margaret Boa, president of Teachers' '24 is teaching in the William Dawson School.

Bessie Henry (last year's medalist) is teaching in Victoria School.

Dorothy Drysdale is teaching in Edward VII school.

Audrey Taylor and Evelyn Copeland are teaching in Queen's, Westmount.

Mr. P. Harvey is teaching in Queen's, Westmount. It is interesting to note here, that Mr. Harvey gave a demonstration lesson in mathematics, at the annual Teachers' Convention held in Montreal this fall.

Margaret Keller is teaching in the William Dawson School.

Ruth George is teaching in Sherbrooke, P. Q.

Jocelyn Likely, Ruth Ryde, Frances Hodgson are all teaching in Devonshire school.

Kay Little is teaching "near the Riverside."

Joan Lambly, Jean Ritchie, are teaching in the Duke of Connaught School.

Grace Fletcher, Eleanor Reid, Rene Myles, are teaching in the William Lunn Symonds school.

Beatrice Franckum is teaching in Victoria School.

Jessie McLeod is teaching in St. Hyacinthe, P. Q.

Clare (Jimmie) Jamieson is teaching in the Sarah Maxwell school.

Mildred Baker is teaching in the Peace Centennial school.

Jean Tourgis, Ruby Hair, Lalla Rainer, are all teaching in Greenshields' school.

Donald Watson of class '23 is principal at Greenshields School.

Estelle Bishop is teaching in Bancroft school.

Bell Ford of the Elementary class '24 is teaching in Randboro, P. Q.

Florence Law, Vivian Noir, Madge Gray, are teaching in Earl Grey school.

Bertha Menancon is teaching at Shawbridge, P. Q.

Catherine Cameron is teaching at Roslyn school, Westmount.

Hazel Gardner is teaching at Landsdowne school, Westmount.

Jerry Lyon is teaching at Lorne school.

Phoebe McOuat and Lorna McMorine are teaching at Maisonneuve.

Florence Washburne is teaching in Granby, P. Q.

Blanche Barton is teaching in Verdun.

Kathleen Parker is teaching in Mt. Royal School.

Isabel Bull is teaching in Prince Albert School. She is also acting as coach for the Teachers' baseball teams at Mac.

Theo. Hamilton is "stepping out" at Mac., in the Homemakers' course.

Elizabeth Irving, Martha Duffie, Annie Tinning, Ruby Davison, Theresia Keller, are all teaching in Montreal.

Mr. Frank Sharp is teaching in New Carlisle, Gaspé.

Mr. Edward Woodey is teaching in St. Lambert High School.

Mr. Ralph Eaton is teaching in the Guy Drummond School, Outremont.

Olive Whitehouse, Billie Tait, Mildred Hutchinson have joined the leisure class.

Miss Elsie Morin is teaching in Tetrauville. She was in Ste. Annes a short while ago, and attended the dance given in the Parish Hall on Oct. 22nd.

Many of last year's students have already paid flying visits to the College this year. Among them being: D. Drysdale, Helen Taylor, J. Likely, R. Genge, L. Beauchamp, L. McMorine, C. Duval, Kay Little, A. Taylor, E. Copeland, G. Whittles, D. Rice, C. Jamieson, M. Keller, T. Keller, G. Fletcher and others.

It is with deepest regret that Macdonald graduates, past students and members of the staff heard of the death of Frances Evelyn Peabody of Teachers '23, on Oct. 2, 1924. To the bereaved family, and the other relatives, the sincerest sympathy of the whole graduate body, the members of the staff, as well as the past students, is extended.



T. B.

BY STEVE WALFORD, '26.

In the realm of ailments, as in those of politics, religion, science and art, the conservative element in our midst has noted with alarm the unparalleled growth in the popularity of "surgical and short-time" ailments. No longer are people satisfied with the solid, lasting frailties of the past, but content themselves with appendicitis, tonsillitis, influenza, and sleeping sickness; which entirely lack the primary requisites of a pet indisposition. These maladies with us to-day and gone tomorrow, scarcely leave a memory which might guide us in our future relations with our sternest ruler, "Dame Nature." But, thanks to the recent "drive" of the Provincial Board of Health, one of our oldest and most revered diseases—T. B.—is coming back to its rightful place in our affections and attentions. For especially in an age of instability, insincerity, and radicalism, there is much to be said for this time-honored indisposition to which our ancestors all paid due homage.

Above all, T. B. is cosmopolitan; it shows no preference for colour, caste, or creed. The rich may expend great fortunes in its pursuit; the poor may enjoy its advantages with an expenditure out of all proportion to the pleasure, sympathy, or notoriety derived. Even the lowly cow and chicken have their own varieties of the disease, and if we attach any significance to the way a Ford engine is wont to cough violently and "go dead" we may reasonably deduce that *Bacierium tuberculosis* does not confine its activity to the realm of the animate.

As a hobby T. B. is unexcelled. Once you "get the bug" you can rest assured that it will follow you to the end of your days, and become increasingly interesting

the further its indulgence leads you. If treated elaborately, homes in the mountains, sleeping porches, brighter, airier, dwelling-and working-places will be built for its enjoyment. The philanthropist (and by that I mean a *public* giver) finds in T. B. institutions a wonderful opportunity to aid his fellow beings, deriving an unequalled amount of publicity in so doing. And the beauty of the situation is that all such buildings and equipment are readily convertible to other uses once the need or craze has died down.

An unfortunate aspect of most hobbies is that they are not transmitted to succeeding generations. The golfing, yachting, tennis, or track enthusiast leaves to his heirs, a golf course, yachts and wharves, tennis courts and equipment, or a string of race horses, as the case may be, without necessarily providing them with the desire to enjoy them. But not so the T. B. fiend; although his hobby is no more transmissible than the love of golf, yachts, tennis, or horses, his mountain home can be used without change for ski parties, polar bear clubs, week-end parties, or summer vacations; the sleeping porch at home may be transformed into a sun parlor or breakfast room, or carry on its noble work as a preventative instead of a cure; and the brighter home, office or factory works a lasting good to the community.

As a means of differentiating between people T. B. holds the field against all comers.

It first differentiates between optimist and pessimist. If you are known to be developing a case of T. B. an optimist can reassure you by telling you of all the people he has known to come through ever

advanced cases of T. B. with flying colours; whereas time alone prevents the pessimist from telling you all of the cases he has witnessed of long, lingering deaths and indescribable misery, even years after apparent cures had been effected.

By its means you can distinguish between mere acquaintances and true friends. An acquaintance usually fights shy of you when he finds that you show symptoms of the disease, or, if he be made of sterner stuff, remains friendly and even sympathetic for a little while; but after a prolonged case, you are able to pick out readily your real friends. They remain true to you, ever patient and consoling, long after the "So sorry you are ill!" cry has died down and almost been forgotten.

Further, T. B. differentiates between the strong and the weak; for the truly strong invariably survive, and the inherently weak are quickly and quietly picked off before they have reached an age to transmit their weakness to the rising generation, and before a mediocre and uneventful middle age has dimmed the brilliant career predicted for them during their high school days.

Another recommendation for T. B. is its ease of acquirement. Some ailments defy all attempts to "catch" them. I have known people who secretly craved some ailment that would give them a claim on the sympathies and attentions of others or serve to excuse them from some of the duties and responsibilities that are the lot of the physically sound. Try as they would, they never could contract appendicitis, heart failure, or a nervous breakdown, and in the end they succumbed to violent attacks of hypochondria. But not so T. B., the habits of *Bact. tuberculosis* are too well known for them to avoid capture. Just studiously neglect colds, religiously avoid sufficient regular sleep and

nourishment, breathe as much foul air as possible through the mouth, overwork to the limit in unhealthful occupations, neglect your teeth, carefully avoid that Saturday night bath (see directions of the Provincial Board of Health) and you are almost certain to acquire the case of T. B. you are striving for.

Say what one may of T. B. as a popular ailment, as a hobby, or as a means of differentiating between people, its chief virtue lies in its treatment. For its treatment is exceedingly agreeable, may be practised almost anywhere, at any time, and that without drugs or surgery. The first requirement is fresh air and sunshine, the pursuit of which takes the T. B. enthusiast to the mountains, to the park, or out onto the verandah—outdoors in any case, as Nature has decreed that people *should* live. Plenty of rest and sleep is a second necessity, and sufficient wholesome, nourishing food a third. Besides you must be cheerful at all times, the normal way for Man to live, and avoid worry of every sort. In short, the way which the trend of advancing civilization has continually tended to swerve him. And, furthermore, the near certainty of a relapse, if precautions are ever relaxed, holds a man to Nature's laws in cases where his own intentions, unsupported, would fail him hopelessly. If he ever oversteps, even slightly, a little pain, Nature's danger signal, warns him that he has reached his limit—to *stop!*

There is a paradox of the medical profession that "the best insurance of a long life is to contract an incurable disease while young." In view of all the foregoing, let me recommend to you T. B. as the best "long life" insurance on the "incurable ailment" market.

But Before Closing. I plainly foresee that this article will be severely criticized as a thoughtless, frivolous, mis-

leading treatment of a most serious matter. To satisfy such critics, I end with a melancholy note. Does it not make your heart bleed to think that, during the course of your long, well-regulated career (if you conscientiously follow my suggestions) you will have the gruesome task of burying all your old friends who either dissipated their forces trying to "go the round" of all the popular frailties, or who merely dissipated them for lack of a restricting force stronger than their own will-power or judgment. If that is not grim tragedy, I ask you, what is?

STREPHON'S COMPLAINT
AGAINST YE UNCERTAINTIE OF
LYFE AT SIR WM. MACDONALD
HYS COLLEGE.

When nightly on my couch I take
Leave of this world,
I know not where I may awake
By dumpers hurl'd.

And when to Alchemie I brynge
My eager zeste,
I know not when ye Proffe may sprynge
A lytel teste.

Humbly on *Columbine* I waite
She saith she'll go.
Who'd thinke that I wolde learne too late
That she meant no?

Should *Codge* upon hys soft guitar
Play tunes of heaven,
He heeds not tyl that voice afar
Saith "Past eleven."

When downe to dinner very late
Wallie doth hie
Oft tymes in vaine he'll wave hys plate
There's no more pye.

But all is not uncertaintie,
'Tis very sure
When *Amaryllis* saith "At three"
She meaneth "Foure."

Mixed Tables

BY JAMES CAMERON

Once there lived at old Macdonald
In those days, those days so happy
When we all ate at stag tables,
Quite a fine and charming fellow.
He was plump as any partridge,
Fat with feeding in the autumn;
Fleshy was his face and glowing,
Coursed with crimson streams of color;
Mighty was his strength of muscle
Great his will and power to do things!
And at breakfast or at dinner
Or at supper he was always
Ready waiting with a hunger
That was keener than a razor;
Waiting wearily for the summons.
For the bell's first tiny tinkle.
When he heard it off he bounded
Knocking all his comrades sideways,
Rushed with fierce and frantic fleetness
Till he reached at last his table.
Puffing like a locomotive,
Or a wheezy man with asthma!
And at breakfast or at dinner
Hastily he pulled his chair out,
Stood on one foot, then another;
Waited with what sad impatience
For the coming of Miss Russell;
Cut away within the meantime
More than his own share of butter!
Singing grace — he only mumbled,
Often found himself fair seated
Ere the others quite had finished
With their sweet voluptuous voices!
Then he started in with vigour,
Used both fork and knife to work with,
Passed his plate when it was empty
For an "all-round" second filling,
And got up when time was over,
Walked out calmly and contented,
Uttering only words of praises
For the "square" meal he had eaten,
And a satisfactory feeling,
Round the region of his stomach!

In these days of new mixed tables
At Macdonald—for we have them—
You will find this self-same fellow;
But I doubt that you would know him
Such a change has overcome him:
Thin's his face and lacking colour;
Thin his frail neglected body;
He is weak by what he used to;
Seems his very life is lacking.
And at breakfast or at dinner
Or at supper when he enters,
Slow of walk and mild of manner,
Clouded is his brow and gloomy;
Gone is all his former "gayness."
When he takes his place at table,
Bowed and blushingly he standeth,
Gazes on the gazing women,
Tries his best to not look bashful,
Shifts his chair in nervous manner,
Till he hears the welcome organ
Break that silence, O, so awful!
Loudly joins he in the singing;
Sits down softly at the ending;
Doggedly he doles the food out,
Does his best to play his part well,
Even though himself go hung'ring.
After long delay he starts in,
Manages to get a mouthful
Ere the "empties" are returning
For an "all-round" second filling.
Soon, and not too soon, the bell rings;
Up the "fairies" get and leave him
Looking 'mong the wreck for something
Which most often can't be found there!
Long he lingers to regale him,
Does his best but doesn't somehow
Get enough to satisfy him!
Whether 'tis the work he's doing,
Or the worry, I can't tell you,
Makes his appetite so greedy,—
Seems he never gets enough quite!
When at last he leaves the table,
On his heart's core he's complaining,
Wasting precious time complaining
Of the folly of mixed tables!—
He is growing thinner daily,
Still more peaked through his pining,

And I'm fearing for his future.
 Should you ask me who this lad is,
 Of whom I thus-wise have spoken,
 This should be my only answer:
 "He is not one single person;
 But for all that, I have seen,
 Seen him in the looks and actions
 Of a few poor bashful mortals.
 What though fat at old stag tables,
 Daily lose their weight at mixed ones,
 And their tongues too, very often.
 All I hope is that he fares well—
 Farewell, brothers. I have finished!"



The Editor of Fiction



The Editor of Fact





Time—Study Hour.

Place—Any College

Aspiring, perspiring, and diligent student engrossed in study; room-mate enters with much noise; enquires for whereabouts of pipe; receives no reply; begins search which is accompanied by distribution of various articles in weird places; finds pipe; fills pipe; sits down; decided lack of combustible material; swears; searches frantically for match to the accompaniment of eloquent blasphemy; search rewarded; lights pipe; puffing commences; pipe goes out; lays pipe on table; reaches for cleaners; removal of obstruction in stem of pipe commences, with liberal distribution of ash over student's essay and elsewhere; diligent one represses opinion; match again applied; puffing resumed; smoke thickens; student coughs with intermittent expressions of love for smoke; finally unable to penetrate smoke screen gives up in disgust

tears out of room, slams door; meets House Committee in corridor??

Spokeshave.

Scene—Entomology Class.

Prof: What are the three parts into which an insect is divided?

Soph: Head, borax and abominable, sir!

Teacher: "Can any one tell me what faith is?"

Small Boy: "Faith is believing what you know's not true."

Instructors "I'm getting some rare work from the Freshmen?"

Professor: Rare?

Instructor: Yes, not very well done.

He: These flowers remind me of you.

She: (Softly) Really? But they're artificial.

He: Yes, but you'd never know it.

Selected.

Mistress: What did the missionary lecture about, Mary?

Maid: Of Mum! he told us about a country full of savages what was always starving and when they beat on their tum-tums you could hear them for miles.

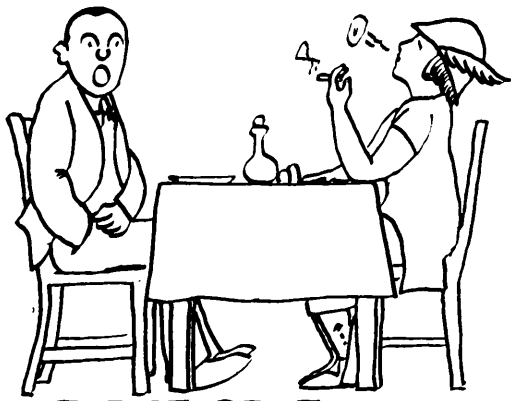
Selected.

An Englishman driving through Dublin was puzzled at the street names which had recently been posted in ancient Irish characters.

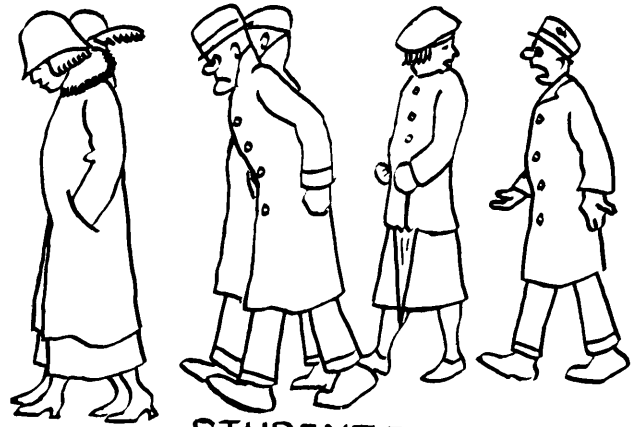
"What have they got written up there Pat?" he asked the carman.

Pat was puzzled for a minute but then gave a knowing wink.

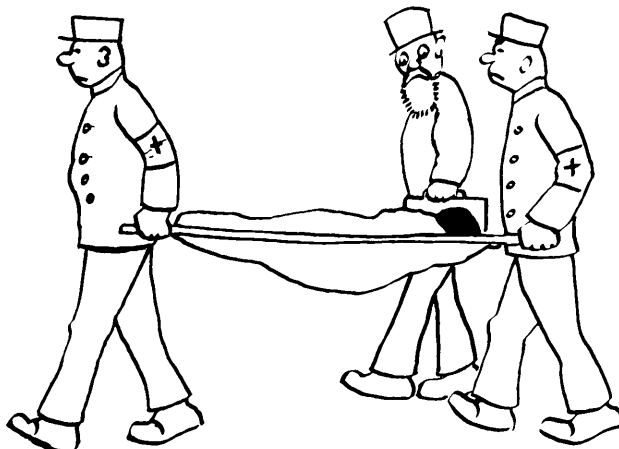
"Sure thim Jews does be everywhere!" he said.



THE STUDENT WHO FINDS
HE HAS LEFT HIS MONEY
IN HIS OTHER SUIT



STUDENTS GOING JOY-
FULLY TO CHURCH



THE FELLOW WHO TRIED TO
GET HIS MAIL JUST WHEN
THE GIRLS' LECTURES WERE
OVER

Pathetic Incidents

A pretty young girl of the "Sault"
Math an oth that she'd always be trault.

But she's gone to Vaudreuil,
Where she's got a new beuil
And there *will* be a hullabalault.

"I assure you" said the club-bore, re-
counting his Alpine adventures "that only
my ice-axe stood between me and destruc-
tion.

"Really" yawned his victim, "I always
eat mine with a spoon."

EXPERIENCES OF CHEMICAL STUDENTS.

A German chemist called Knoring,
 From a bottle gently pouring,
 Little drops of brilliant sheen,
 Drops of Nitroglycerin.
 Bunsen burner standing by,
 Did not catch poor Knoring's eye;
 A flash, a roar, an awful crash,
 It shattered window pane and sash.
 From the cracks within the flooring
 They now extract what's left of
 Knoring.

True wisdom is to understand the real
 value of things.—*De la Rochefoucauld.*

Pretty little blue-eyed Rhoda,
 Drank a pint of caustic soda,
 Doctor worked with might and main,
 Used a pump, but all in vain;
 Mother who was versed in logic,
 Said in accents pedagogic,
 "Truth, crushed to earth will rise again,
 Soda's a lye, and won't that's plain.

Gentle little Willie Turner
 Spied a lighted Bunsen Burner.
 In an ecstasy of glee
 Monkeyed— KCLO_3 .
 Now his epitaph we read,
 "A Bunsen Burner did the deed."

Selected.

